

1907

1907 Modulus

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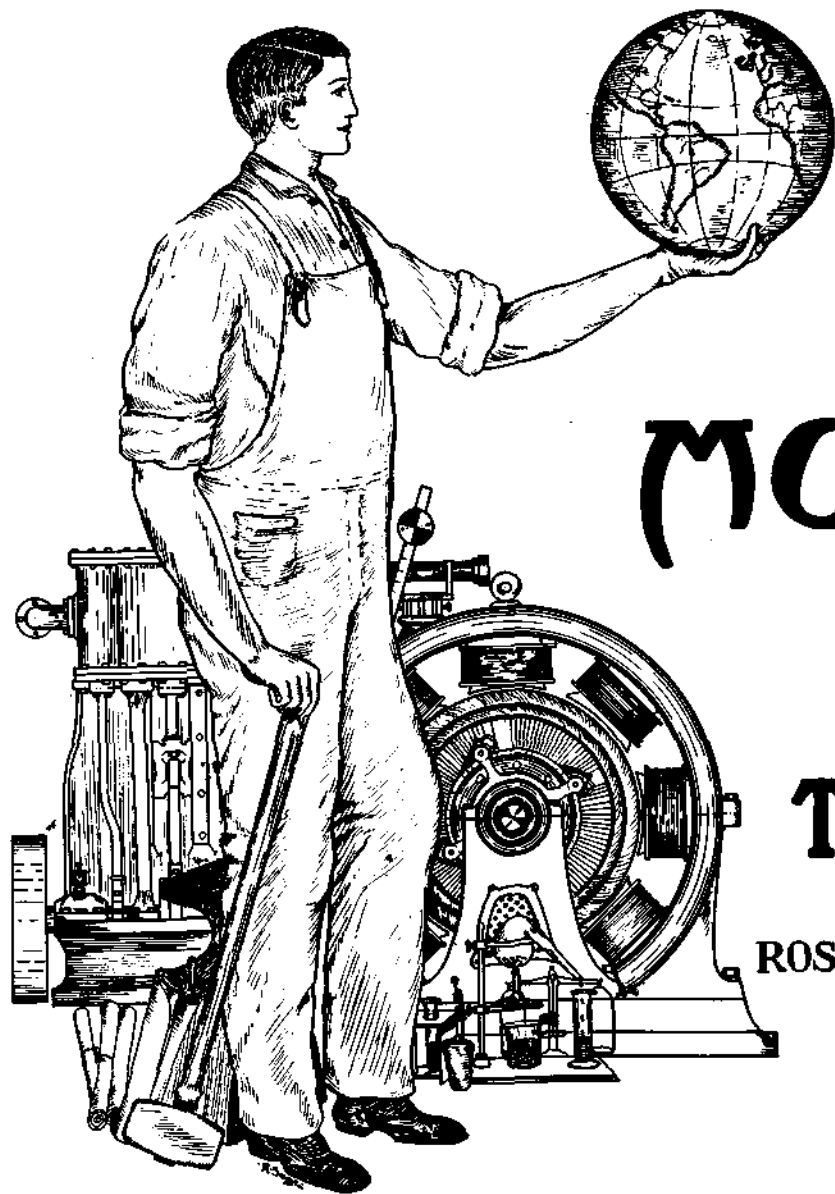
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MODULUS

20.



THE MODULUS 1907

PUBLISHED BY

THE JUNIORS
OF THE
ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

1906



ARTHUR S. HATHAWAY, B. S.

Born Keeler, Michigan, 1855.

Graduated Cornell 1879, B. S.

Instructor Mathematics in Friends' High School, Baltimore, 1879-80.

Court Stenographer 1880-82.

Fellow at Johns Hopkins 1882-84, Instructor and Assistant Professor Mathematics 1885-91.

Rose 1891.

Lecturer on Quaternions, Chicago University, Summer 1899.

Member American Mathematical Society, American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Fellow Indiana Academy of Science.

Reporter and Editor Lord Kelvin's "Lectures on Dynamics," (Baltimore), and National Conference of Electricians, Philadelphia, 1884.

Author of Theory of Numbers, Quaternions, History of the Potential, Motion of Three Bodies, Continuous Transformation in Quaternions.

JOHN B. PEDDLE, M. E.

Born Terre Haute, 1868.

Spent two years in High School.

Graduated Rose, 1888, M. S. 1895, M. E. 1900.

Two years with Thompson-Houston Co.

1890-94 with Worthington Pump Manufactory and Dodge Cold Storage Co.

Instructor Drawing, Rose, 1894-96.

Professor Machine Design, 1896.





ROBERT L. McCORMICK, B. S.

Born near Charleston, Indiana, 1867.

Attended schools in Franklin and Indianapolis, also Franklin College.

Special student mathematics Indiana University, 1887-88.

Entered sophomore class Rose, graduating 1891.

Associate Professor in Mathematics R. P. I., since Graduation. Holds Heminway Gold Medal.

Summer 1897 Chicago University.

FRANK C. WAGNER, A. M.

Born Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1864.

Graduated University of Michigan 1884, with A. M. degree.

Received B. S. in Mechanical Engineering, U. of M., 1885.

Assistant Physics U. of M., 1884-85.

With Thompson-Houston Electric Co., 1886-89.

Assistant Professor Mechanical Engineering, U. of M., 1890-96.

Rose since 1896.

Fellow in the Association for the Advancement of Science.

Member Mechanical Engineers.

Works—Dynamo and Electromagnet Design, Steam Engine Testing, Steam Turbines,

Pyrometer Measurements in Furnaces.

Often engaged as expert witness.





EDWIN S. JONNOTT, Ph. D.

Born Richmond, Illinois, 1868.

Graduated Rose 1893, receiving Heminway Gold Medal, M. S. 1897.

Examiner U. S. Patent Office 1894.

Professor Physics and Mathematics Drury College, Springfield, Missouri, 1894-95.

Johns Hopkins '95-'96.

Holder of first Senior Fellowship, Chicago, 1897-98, Ph. D. 1898.

Assistant, Chicago University, 1898-99.

Rose 1899.

Fellow American Association for Advancement of Science; Physical Society.

Researches—Thickness of Thin Liquid Films; Rayleigh's Alternate Current Phase-meter; Loss of Energy by Hysteresis in Iron; Effect Pressure Change on Black Liquid Films.

JOHN WHITE, Ph. D.

Born Poolesville, Maryland, 1866.

Graduated Johns Hopkins, A. M. 1888, Ph. D. 1891.

Held successively Undergraduate Scholarship, Graduate Scholarship, and Fellowship.

Assistant Chemistry, Cornell, 1891-93.

Instructor, and later Professor Chemistry, University of Nebraska, 1893-1903.

Studied in German Laboratories 1901-2.

Rose 1903.

Member American Chemists' Society, and Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft.

Investigations—Dissociations of Metallic Oxides in Metallic Vapors; the Metallic Sub-oxides; some Double Salts of Lead (Rose) and Complex Salts of Inorganic and Organic Acids.





ALVAN W. CLEMENT, B. S.

Graduated Worcester Academy 1891.

Assistant Chemistry, Worcester, one year.

Graduated Worcester Polytechnic, 1895, B. S.

1895-97 American Wheelock Engine Company and the Compressed Air Power Company.

1898-99 in charge of the Experimental Department for the Draper Company, Hopdale, Mass.

Rose 1900.

NEIL H. WILLIAMS, A. M.

Graduated University of Michigan, 1893.

One year Superintendent Electric Light Plant at Clinton, Michigan.

1895 received A. M., from U. of M.

Taught Physics and Chemistry West Bay City High School, afterwards Principal.

Detroit High School three years.

Shortridge three years.

Rose 1903.





ARTHUR J. PAIGE, B. S.

Born Terre Haute, 1882.

Graduated Rose 1902, with Heminway Gold Medal.

Since graduation Instructor in Drawing.

Constructor and Authority on Automobiles.

FRANK W. BENNETT, A. B.

Born Terre Haute, 1879.

Removed to Peoria 1895, Graduated Peoria High School.

Bradley Institute 1902, being awarded a Scholarship at Chicago University.

Graduated at Chicago University 1903.

Rose 1904.





ALFRED W. HOMBERGER, A. B.

Born Prairie du Lac, Wisconsin, 1883.

Attended Public Schools Sank City.

Taught two years at Deuzer.

Graduated with honors from University of Wisconsin, 1901.

Member American Chemical Society.

ROGER De LAND FRENCH.

Born North Brookfield, Massachusetts, 1883.

Attended Public Schools in Providence and Brooklyn.

Graduated Worcester Polytechnic, 1905.

Assistant in Civil Engineering there until elected to Rose, February, 1906.

Junior of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

OF THE FOR THE
ALUMNI & ALUMNI



BY
AN ALUMNUS

ALUMNI LETTER.

“Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.”—*Emerson*.

In common usage the word “*alumnus*” signifies the condition of being graduated from an institution of learning. Specifically in the Rose Polytechnic Institute it means much more, since by virtue of the by-laws one is graduated from the college directly into the Alumni Association—an association bound by the fraternal ties of brotherly love and united by that common love and respect for the Alma Mater conducive to comradeship.

Neither the vaunted fellowship of the Sons of Eli, nor yet the wearers of the crimson, the orange and the black, or the red and white, can compare with the spirit of those who have participated in the joys and vicissitudes of four years under the banner of Old Rose.

How distinctly I can see myself (my apology to Dave Copperfield) entering for the first time upon the campus which was destined to hold in after years so many fond memories for me, as it has for a multitude of others before and since my time; with what trepidation and ill-suppressed excitement I was presented to those who were to be my future overseers and executioners; with what utter lack of self confidence I assumed the duties to which I was assigned and immediately began to plan a way to circumvent them.

During the entire four years I was awfully busy. Some of the time I was busy getting my lessons or performing various laboratory stunts. Again, I was busy working out ways to avoid doing the tremendously tiresome tasks required by the curriculum. At other times I was industriously engaged in devising plans for increasing the work of the faculty and diminishing my own. In all this I was not original. I did only that which you did, my brother, in working out your own college career. And with you, as with me, in the association with others whose interests and yours were mutual, those friendships were made which shall endure forever; friendships with fellow classmates, fellow students, and with the members of the faculty. These are the friendships upon which the alumni association is built.

It has been my own experience that my regard for my Alma Mater and her many interests has undergone a considerable change since I was pushed out of the nest to “accept a position” (says The Technic) which would give me an opportunity to convince others of the commercial value of my college course. During the first year of my absence from Old Rose I had an intense longing to be back where I had spent so many happy hours, yes, and some strenuous ones; to live again in the old atmosphere so free from care for the morrow, so full of interest for the moment. This affection for the Alma Mater was born of the deep longing for the old friends.

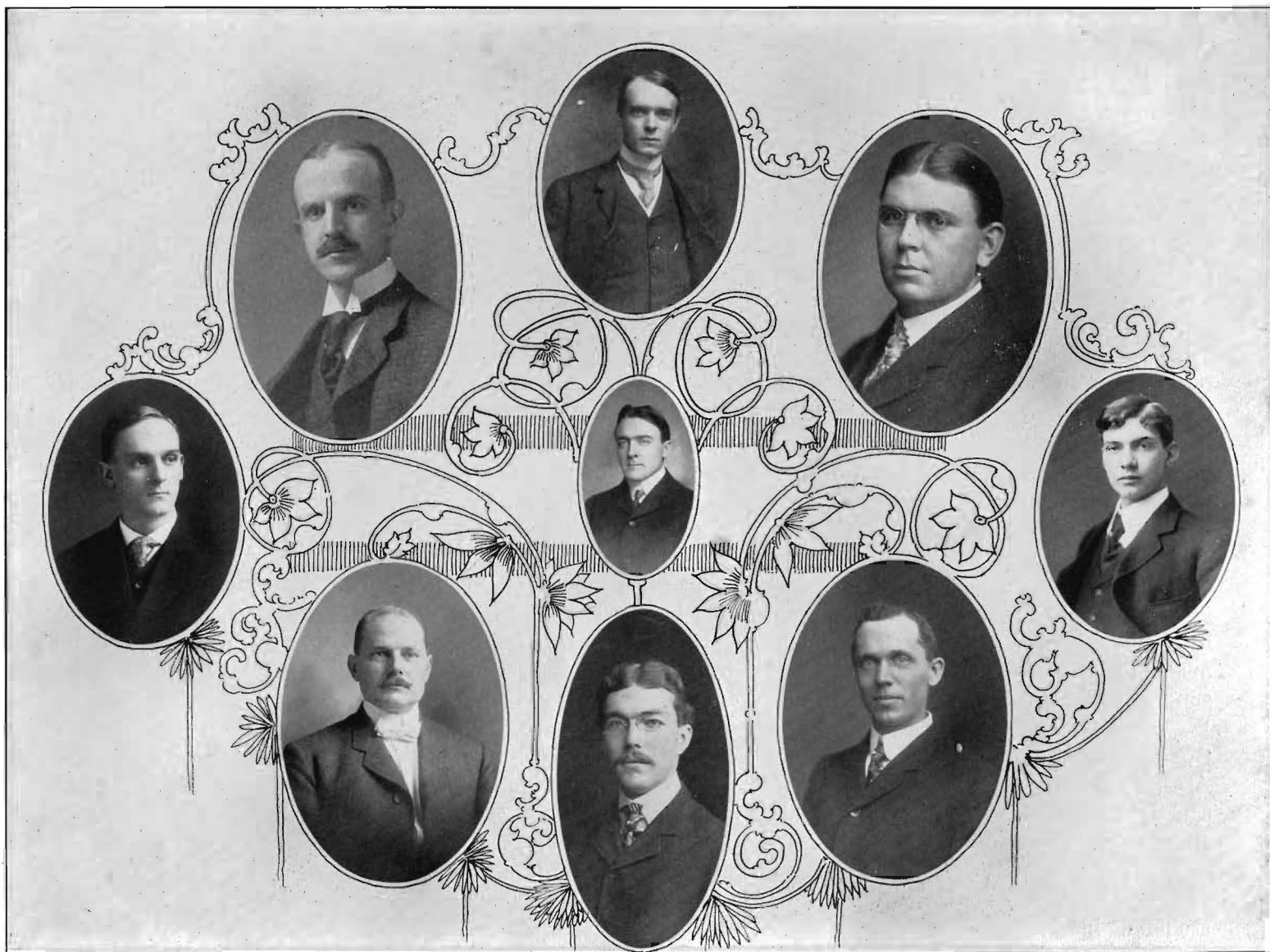
The few years next succeeding were filled with new work amid new associations and for the time my interest in and enthusiasm for the old place cooled down. This change, however, was only to prepare for a ripening of the old affection into the deep love and respect which I now hold for Old Rose, its every nook and corner and all within it. And now, as the years go on, I appreciate more and more the value of the training I received both through the lines of study which I pursued and even more through the association with good fellows and learned men.

The friendships which a young man forms at college, made at the time of life when friendships are the most intimate, are the friendships which endure the longest. And with this comes the sense of fraternity and the feeling of good fellowship which must prevail between those who have successfully traveled the same road and encountered the same difficulties. The older one grows the higher he values his friendships, and the older you and I grow the greater will be our interest in all that pertains to the perpetuity and the welfare of our college mother.

The Rose Polytechnic stands today on the highest plane that has ever been reached by any institution of its kind. Its graduates are called to fill many of the responsible places in the world and take a prominent part in its various activities. Of them we may well be proud. The very fact that the men from Rose are progressive, loyal citizens of a great republic, should encourage us to renewed effort to perpetuate the Institute in the relative position which it now holds in the educational world.

The destiny of the Rose Polytechnic is largely in the hands of her boys, for much of her future must depend upon them and be what they make it. The least we can do is to be faithful to the Alumni Association and take an interest in the work it is doing. This association has been quietly at work during the past four years laying the foundation on which the future is built. The work is not done. On the contrary, it is yet but in its infancy. The rapidity with which it will be carried forward must depend upon the willingness of its members to do something for its cause, and by this I do not refer to financial aid but rather to that moral support which brings the best results.

Today is the beginning of a new era for Rose—an era of aggressive activity and substantial progression. Our motto, “Not a bigger, but a stronger Institute” should be ever before you. We truly believe that the Association has a great work to do, and we must agree with Ruskin that “If a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily. But it is that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathering strength.” Yearly our members increase, yearly our ability to assist is greater, and yearly should grow our enthusiasm for and interest in all that pertains to the welfare of our Alma Mater. We are proud of her; proud to be known and identified with her. May our loyalty and patriotism carry our work over every stumbling block.



Fred R. Fishback, '02

John B. Aikman, '87

Lucien N. Sullivan, '86

Herbert W. Foltz, '86
Carson G. French, '04
Harry S. Richardson, '00

Harry J. McDargh, '96
Victor K. Hendricks, '89

Robert D. Landrum, '04

Alumni Association.



OFFICERS.

JOHN B. PEDDLE, 1888, *President.*

EDWIN S. JOHONNOT, JR., 1893, *Vice-President.*

ARTHUR M. HOOD, 1893, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

HERBERT FOLTZ, 1886, *Chairman.*

J. ROBERT RIGGS, 1901.

ROBERT D. LANDRUM, 1904.

MEMBERS.

All Graduates of Old Rose.

SOME RECORDS.

In response to a request to favor us with a sketch of doings since leaving R. P. I., several of the Alumni have acquiesced ; and although the number answering is disappointingly small, we are glad to print what was submitted.

V. K. HENDRICKS, '89.

July, 1889, to February, 1890, Draftsman at Edge Moor Bridge Works ; March, 1890, to May, 1890, Recorder on U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Charleston, S. C.; June, 1890, to January, 1892, with Fairhaven & Southern R. R., Fairhaven, Washington, as Rodman, Draftsman and Transitman on construction work ; January, 1892, to January, 1893, Assistant Engineer, Bellingham Bay and Eastern R. R. in charge of construction work; March, 1893, to October, 1893, Draftsman with Indiana Bridge Works and with La Fayette Bridge Works; October, 1893, to January, 1894, Assistant Engineer, Terre Haute & Indianapolis R. R.; January, 1894, to May, 1902, Engineer Maintenance of Way, Terre Haute & Logansport R'y; June, 1902, to June, 1905, Assistant to Engineer Maintenance of Way, Baltimore & Ohio R. R. System; June, 1905, to date, Division Engineer of the Baltimore Division of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

H. A. SCHWARTZ, '91.

Graduated from Rose in 1901, and was employed in the Chief Engineer's Office of the Louisville (Ky.) Railway Co. for a portion of the following summer. Instructor in Drawing at Rose for the year 1901-2. Since July, 1902, with the Indianapolis Works of the National Malleable Casting Co. At present in charge of the Chemical and Mechanical Laboratory. Graduate degrees received from Rose ; M. S. ('03), M. E. ('05). Member of the American Chemical Society since 1903.

A. H. KLOTZ, '94.

You probably know that the class of '94 was unfortunate in being turned loose during a financial and industrial depression, when there was little or no demand for engineers or draftsmen, and a position could scarcely be bought. After several months of idleness I got a line on a man who wanted some special machinery designed, and we came to terms as to pay. This kept me busy for a few months, and I am glad to say that the machines were successful. In March, 1894, position as bookkeeper and general office man was offered by a firm of building contractors. This I took and held until February, 1900, at which time I bought the machine shop and foundry now operated as Klotz Machine Co., and of which I am proprietor.

HARRY J. McDARGH, '96.

Graduated in Civil Engineering course September, '96; to September, '97, Rodman in City Engineer's Office, Dayton, Ohio. Spring and Summer, '97, Assistant Engineer on construction of electric railway, Miamisburg, Ohio, to Hamilton, Ohio. Fall of '97, to Spring of '98, Rodman, Draftsman, Levelman and Transitman successively on steam railroad preliminary location. April, '98, to February, 1900, Draftsman in City Engineer's Office, Dayton, doing side line of reporting on old bridges, designing several, and reporting on feasibility of two electric traction roads. February, 1900, to September, 1901, Constructing Engineer for Dayton Water Works, at same time designing 12,000 H. P. hydro-electric

plant in British Columbia. September, '01, to March, '03, First Assistant City Engineer, Dayton. March, '03, opened an office as Consulting Engineer. January 1, '06, Maintenance Engineer of Dayton Water Works in full charge.

W. E. FORD, '98.

1898-1902 with Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf R. R.; 1902 with Cherokee Construction Co. as resident and track engineer.

E. P. EDWARDS, '99.

At first my career was not a career, it was "grubbing," pure and simple. For four months, beginning July 1st, 1899, the Ohio Steel Company, of Youngstown, employed me in various capacities, ranging from the greasing and repairing of motors in the mill to draughting and the installation of electrical machinery. There was plenty to do, and we did it day and night, Saturdays and Sundays, until fears of possible bad effects on my delicate constitution counseled me to seek new fields for my labors. My search was successful, and in November I accepted a position in the Testing Department of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y. There I learned, among other things, that there is no distinction, so far as polarity is concerned, between the terminals of a rheostat; also that it is unwise, to say the least, to start up a shunt motor without a field and without external resistance in series with the armature. The solution of these and similar problems was rendered easy, however, by an application of the theory of Quaternions, which I can also recommend as an excellent remedy for electrical burns. It doubtless has other uses. After thirteen months in the Testing Department I was transferred to the Commercial Department, where I am at present located, interested in the design and sale of all classes of switchboards and electrical controlling apparatus. Unfortunately, I cannot subscribe myself as President, Vice President, General Manager, Superintendent,

Secretary or Treasurer of this, that or the other concern. Moreover, my inability to do so does not cause me that keen disappointment that was felt at first after a perusal of the catalogue for 1900.

GUS A. MAIER, '00.

Since leaving Rose was one year in the Testing Department of the General Electric Co., a year in Milwaukee in charge of the Testing Floor and doing trouble work; returned to the General Electric in October, 1902, and at present is pushing a slide rule designing induction motors.

C. A. MEES, '00.

June, '00, to February, '02, Engineer's Corps, Penna. Lines west of Pittsburg; February, '02, to September, '02, Draftsman N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., New York City; September, '02, to May, '04, Assistant Engineer, Catawba Power Co., Rock Hill, S. C.; May, '04, to July, '04, on Special Report work regarding power plants; August, '04, to March, '05, Engineer in construction of Municipal Sewage Disposal plant and design for Water Purification Works, Columbus, Ohio; '05, Assistant Engineer in charge of designing, for Southern Power Co., Charlotte, N. C.; Associate Member American Society of Civil Engineers; Member Engineers' Association of the South.

HARRY S. RICHARDSON, '00.

Graduated from Rose with the class 1900, and on the 3rd of August, following, entered the service of the Ordnance Department, U. S. A., Washington, D. C. The work there consisted of office work along mechanical lines principally, being the design of disappearing gun carriages and other forms of coast defense. In June, 1902, he received the degree of Master of Science at Rose, and the following August took an

examination for the Ordnance Office, and out of thirty throughout the United States who took it, was one of only two who passed. Early in the fall of the same year he was sent to Watertown Arsenal, near Boston, to carry out some special work, returning in December to Washington. In April, 1903, he resigned from the War Department to accept a position in the Engineering Department of the Long Arm System Company, at Cleveland, Ohio, where the work was along both mechanical and electrical lines. The following July he entered the Engineering Department of the Electric Controller and Supply Co., also of Cleveland, and in July, 1905, was promoted to the position of Chief Draftsman, which position he retains. He is a Junior Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and a Member of the Electric Club of Cleveland.

F. R. FISHBACK, '02.

Graduated in 1902, obtaining his degree in Electrical Engineering. Upon graduation he accepted a position with the Union Pacific Railway as a special apprentice. Going to Cheyenne, Wyoming, he was placed in the shops and went through the various departments, learning the practical side of motive power work in a railroad shop. In September, 1903, he was offered and accepted the foremanship of the St. Elmo, Ill., round house, on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R'y, and remained there until January, 1904, when he was transferred to the Cape Girardeau, Mo. round house, as round house foreman. Having obtained the shop experience that he desired, he entered the drafting room of The Electric Controller & Supply Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, in January, 1905, and has been with that Company since then. With

this company he has done drafting and designing work, and some experimental work in connection with the rating and standardization of new machinery.

J. S. BROSIUS, '03.

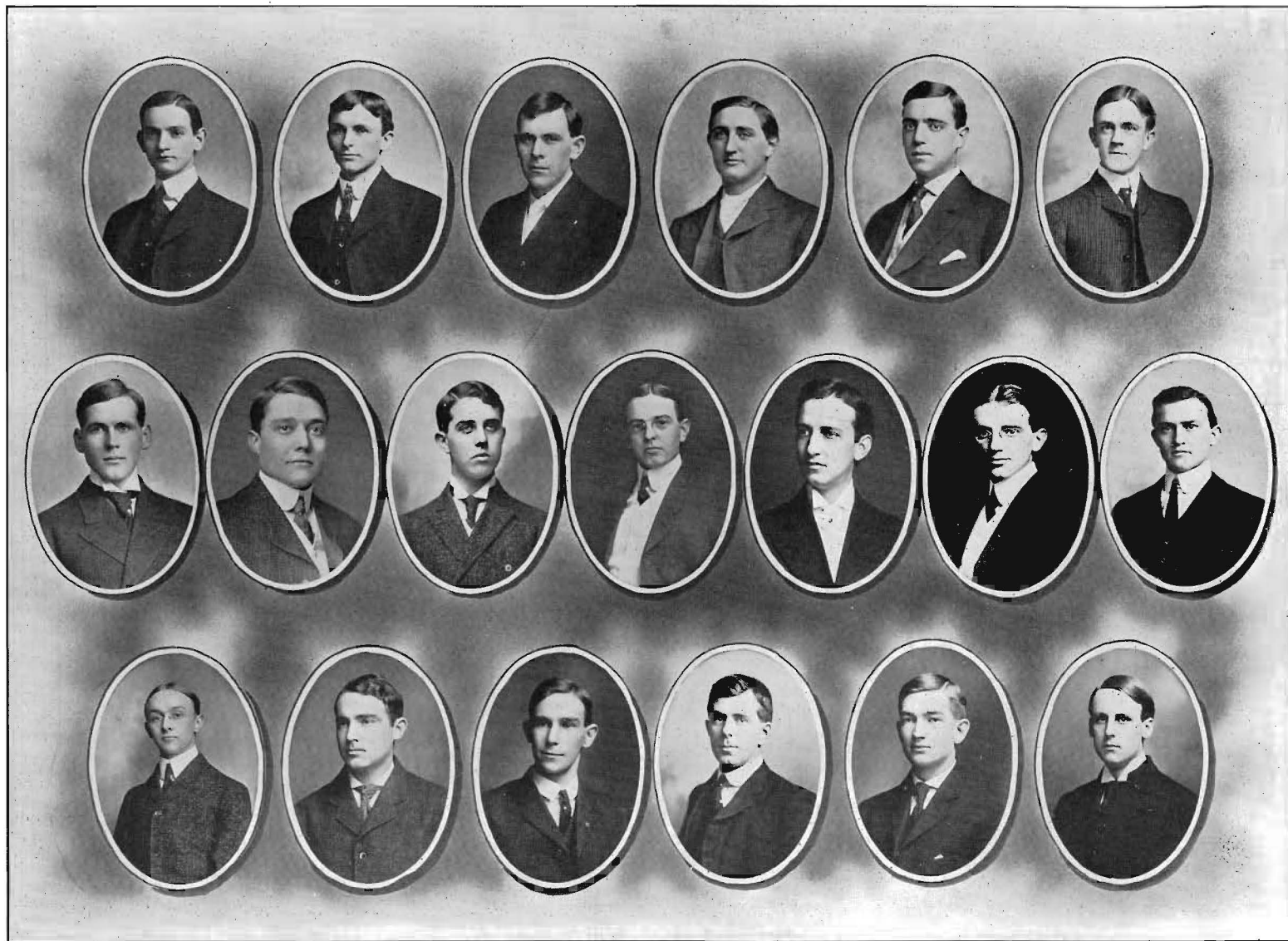
Entered the apprentice course of the Westinghouse Electric Co., Pittsburg. After a year and a half accumulating experience and grime, he removed the latter and entered the employ of the American Window Glass Company, Pittsburg, remaining with them six months. Since then with the Western Electric Co., Chicago, as switchboard draftsman.

CARSON G. FRENCH, '04.

Served as Deputy County Surveyor and Assistant County Engineer of Vigo County until December, when he entered the employ of the Southern Indiana Railway as draftsman. After eight months he accepted the position which he retains, Assistant Engineer in Construction Department of the Big Four Railway, Cincinnati, Ohio.

H. G. KIEFER, '05.

Is with Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Beloit, Wisconsin. After eight weeks in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, F., M. & Co. seemed to offer better prospects, and we respect his judgment in making the change. Herb writes that all his mornings are seven o'clocks, but we note a difference in that he has no plugging at nights, and a welcome envelope once a week. May they come better filled.



Hatch
Jackson
Hensgen

Ankeney

Evans
Butler

White

Peck
Wilms

Rogers

Rotz
Delle

Canfield

Nicholson
Curry

Kahlert

H. Wischmeyer
Benbridge Wilkins



J. Cannon	Shauwecker	Cadden	Willien	Johnson	Worthington	Pote
Thurman	C. Wischmeyer	McComb		Eastwood	Ryan	Modesitt
	d'Amorin	E. P. Lee	Freudenreich	Lawton	A. W. Lee	Kelsall

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

September 18, 1902, we, the Class of 1906, were corraled in the Assembly Room to listen to the words of friendly advice and profound wisdom expounded by his nibs, the Smallness. We had the distinction of being the largest class ever enrolled at Old Rose, eighty-seven to start on, and we were referred to by the upper classmen as a husky bunch. At the challenge rush on Thursday night we met our first defeat; due largely to the yells and hideous noises made by the charging fiends, helped out by the darkness of the night. However, on Saturday afternoon following we redeemed ourselves and gained the right to smoke our pipes forevermore, subject to being caught by the faculty. The few Turkeys who failed to appear at the rush disappeared from our ranks at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

For the next three months our time was pretty well taken up in gluing some other fellow's work to the floor or filling the revolving pulleys with small blocks and then enticing Daddy to *posit se* where he could best study the law of projectiles from a decreasing angular velocity as the machinery stopped. His cranium barely missed several of them. We also whiled many odd minutes in speculating and calculating when it was "my time" for one of Mac's benders or one of Wicky's twisters.

One Friday afternoon in the beginning of December we boarded a special interurban car and hied ourselves to the little hamlet seen in railroad folders to be Brazil. As was natural, we overlooked the Sophs in making our invitation list, although that did not seem to worry them, since they butted in anyhow. For some reason or other they carried their vindictive moods that night, and were so unladylike as to try to break up our little spread. We couldn't stand for that, and the immediate time following their appearance was full and running over with excitement. The Sophs were finally put down and eight or nine of them spent most of the night in the Brazil jail singing, and stinging from mustard oil. As soon as we could, we adjourned to our banquet and our good things went with a double zest. We drank cold water *a la* Puritan to some excellent toasts, and came back to school town in the early morning, well satisfied with our first banquet.

The majority of us passed the Christmas exams and came back after holidays with the usual quota of good resolves. These we quickly forgot when we entered 'Arry's Place. Daddy had told us that we were the best class that had ever been admitted to the Institute,—I understand since that he takes that salve from a mighty big box,—and we were expecting to be regarded somewhat favorably by our new instructor.

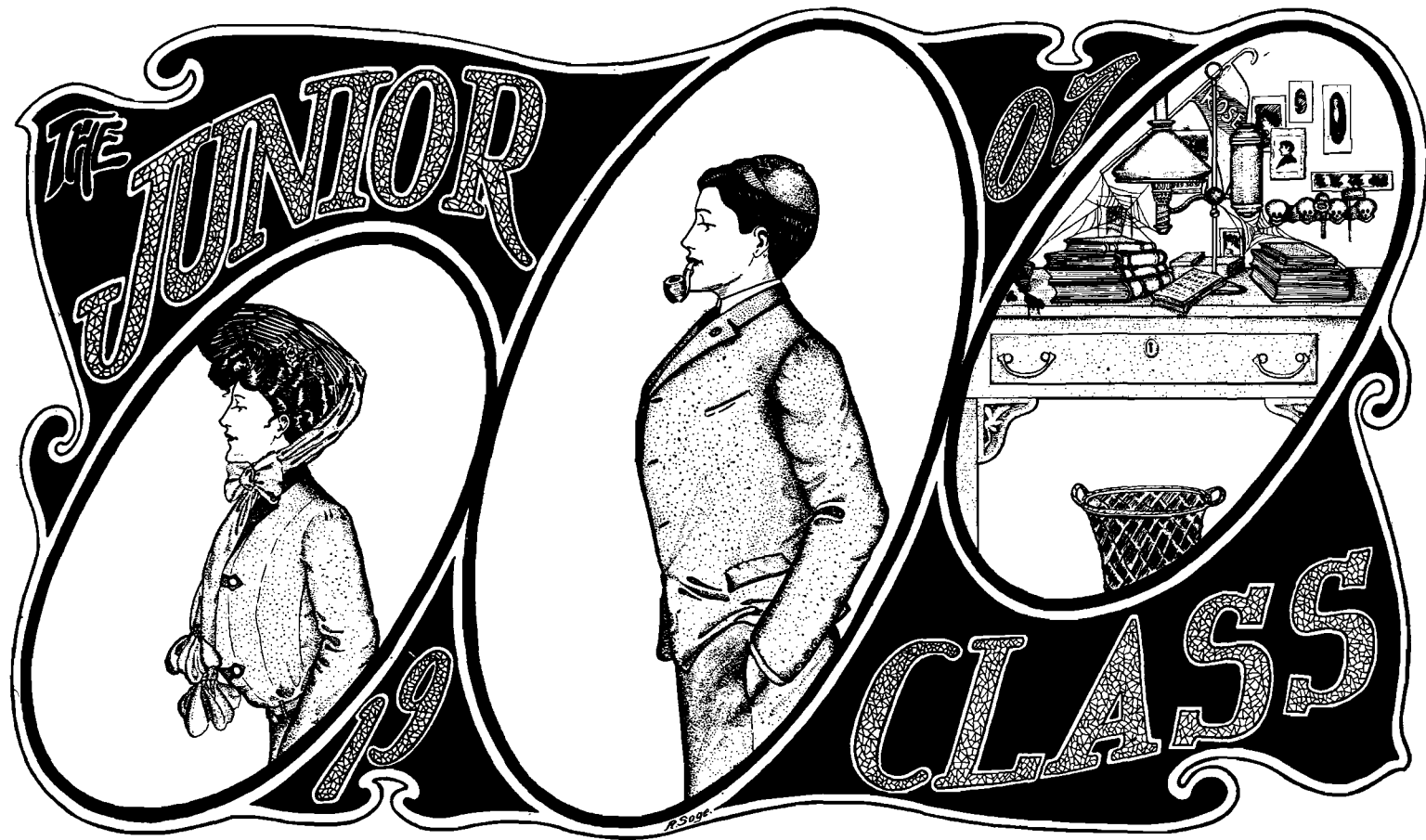
Not such was the case. Disillusioned in some manner, he greeted us one morning with a speech. "Boys," said he, "Hi never haf seed such a lazy lot as ye air. You beat any class that's been here in ha long time. Now stop that and mold some of this light stuff. Hi want to pour this mornin'" He added later that there were surely more candidates for the place where resolutions don't count than otherwise in "that 'ere bunch." When warm weather led us to begin loafing with Harry, some of us aspired to athletic and track honors. Many were content with the aspiration; others forged ahead, won R's, and even made state records. We are proud of them!

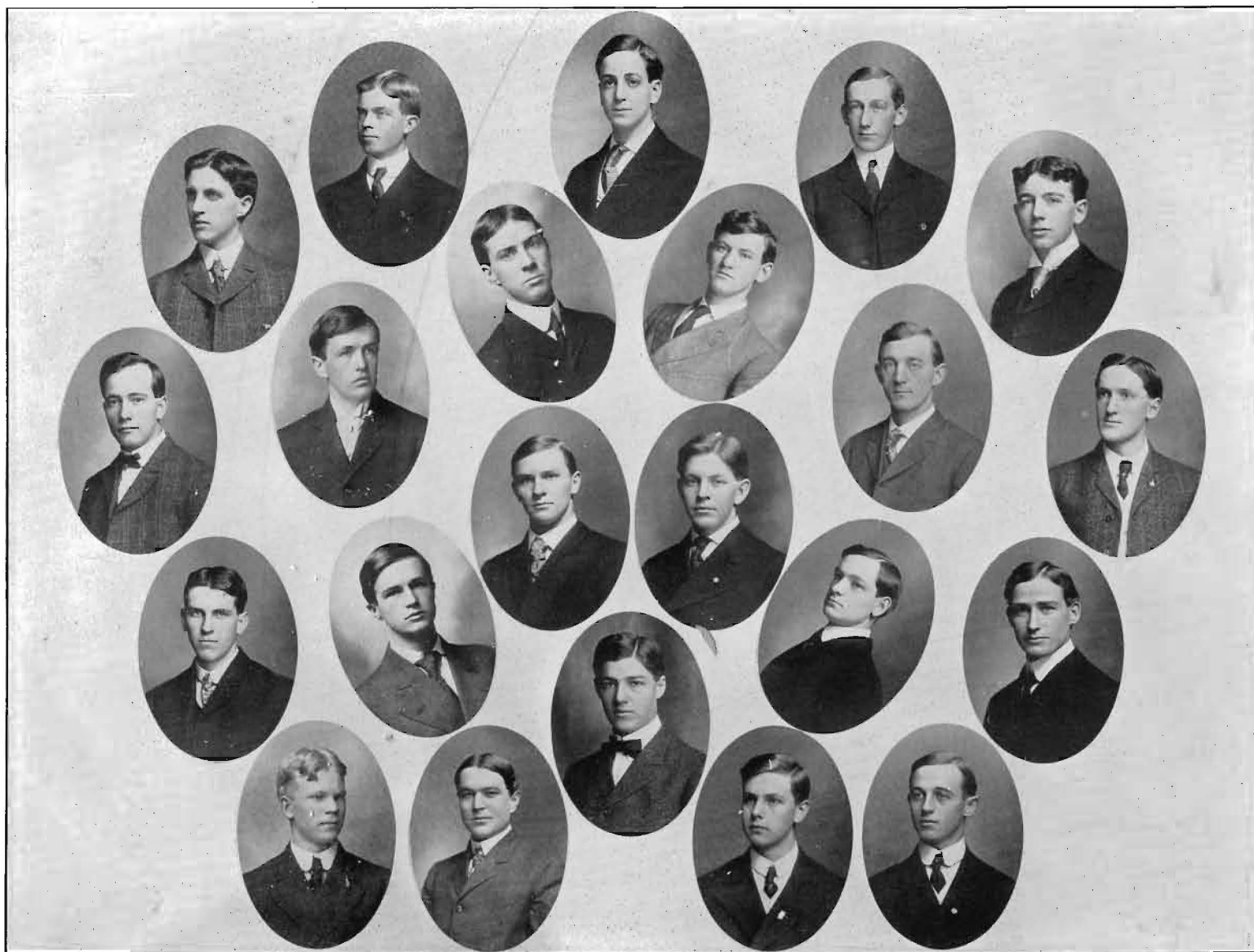
Our Sophomore year was marked by a general tendency to see how musty and cobwebby our books would get. This practice naturally led to many a distressing interview in the sanctum sanctorum, the color of whose draperies where the feet do tread is green. We took those interviews quite as a matter of course, and were not dismayed, for it was good practice. Our Sophomore banquet was a success—from Doc's point of view. He intimated we shouldn't, unless both lower classes would promise there'd be no doin's. The Freshies wouldn't, our class couldn't, so we didn't,—but neither did they.

As Juniors we bade good-bye to Jo Jo, who, so far as we have heard, never did aught but speed the parting. We made new friends of Waggie and the Duke, and found that there were several problems concerning whose existence we had never dreamed. We also learned that Waggie's winning smile was no index to the presence of a pipeline by any means, and that the Duke managed to separate himself from a good deal of learning while we were mentally deciphering his sentences.

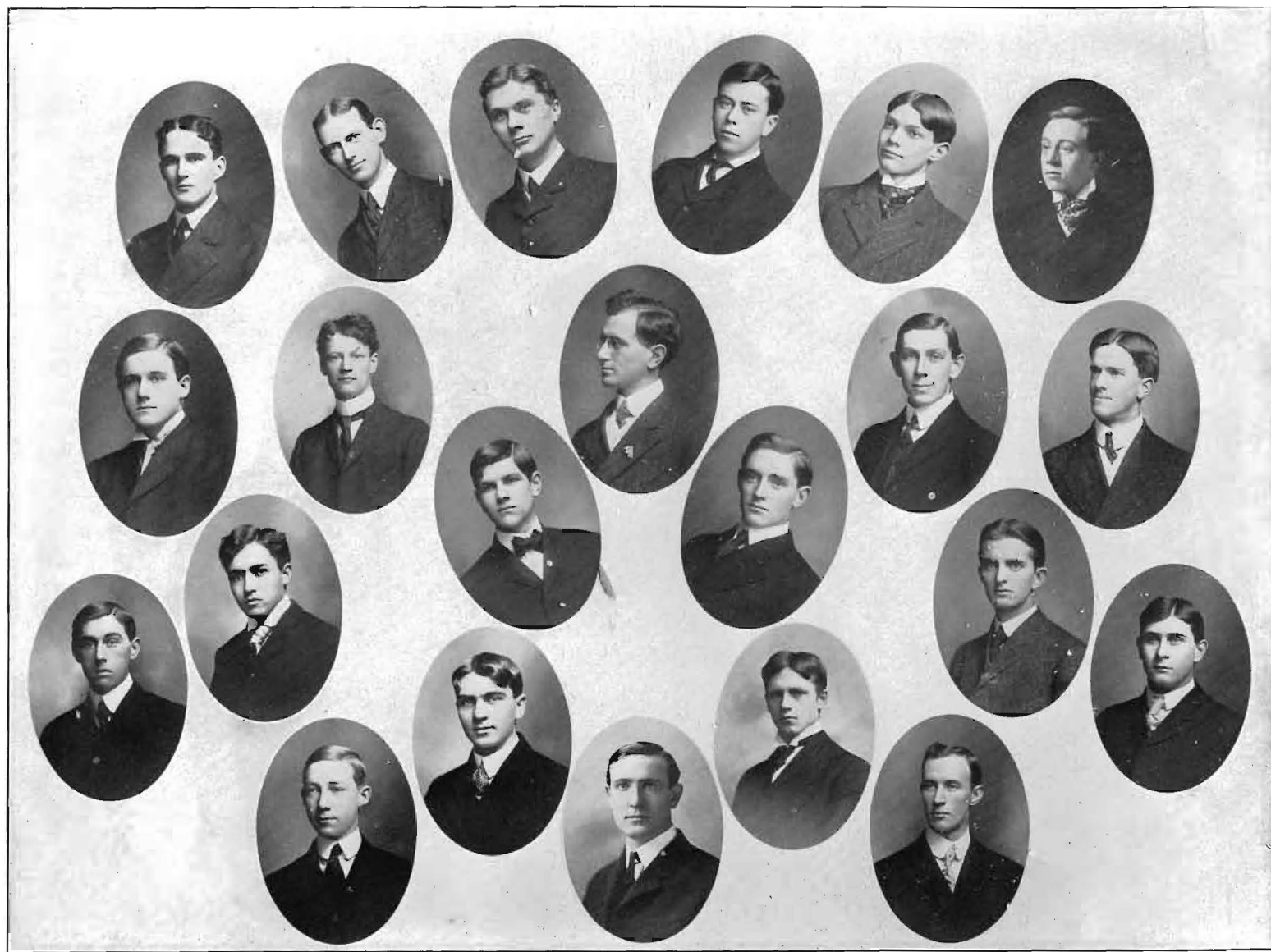
Our Senior year finds us depleted as to members; all told, ninety-seven lads have at some time or other written '06 after their names, but as it stands only thirty-seven will receive their certificates of job-worthiness on June 6 next. A few of us have taken a delayed look into society's realm in the calm of Senior days, and to a few who previously had not tasted, intoxication has come easily.

We are now engaged in our final preparations for graduation, and although we are anxious to help drive the world a little faster, it will be with sincere regret that we shall look back upon Old Rose as our Alma Mater, for we would be more immediately connected with our beloved associations than we shall be as alumni. However, we shall soon feel the force of the strong organization that the Association of Graduates has formed, and we anticipate welcoming future classes into that important and honorable brotherhood, the Alumni of Rose Poly.

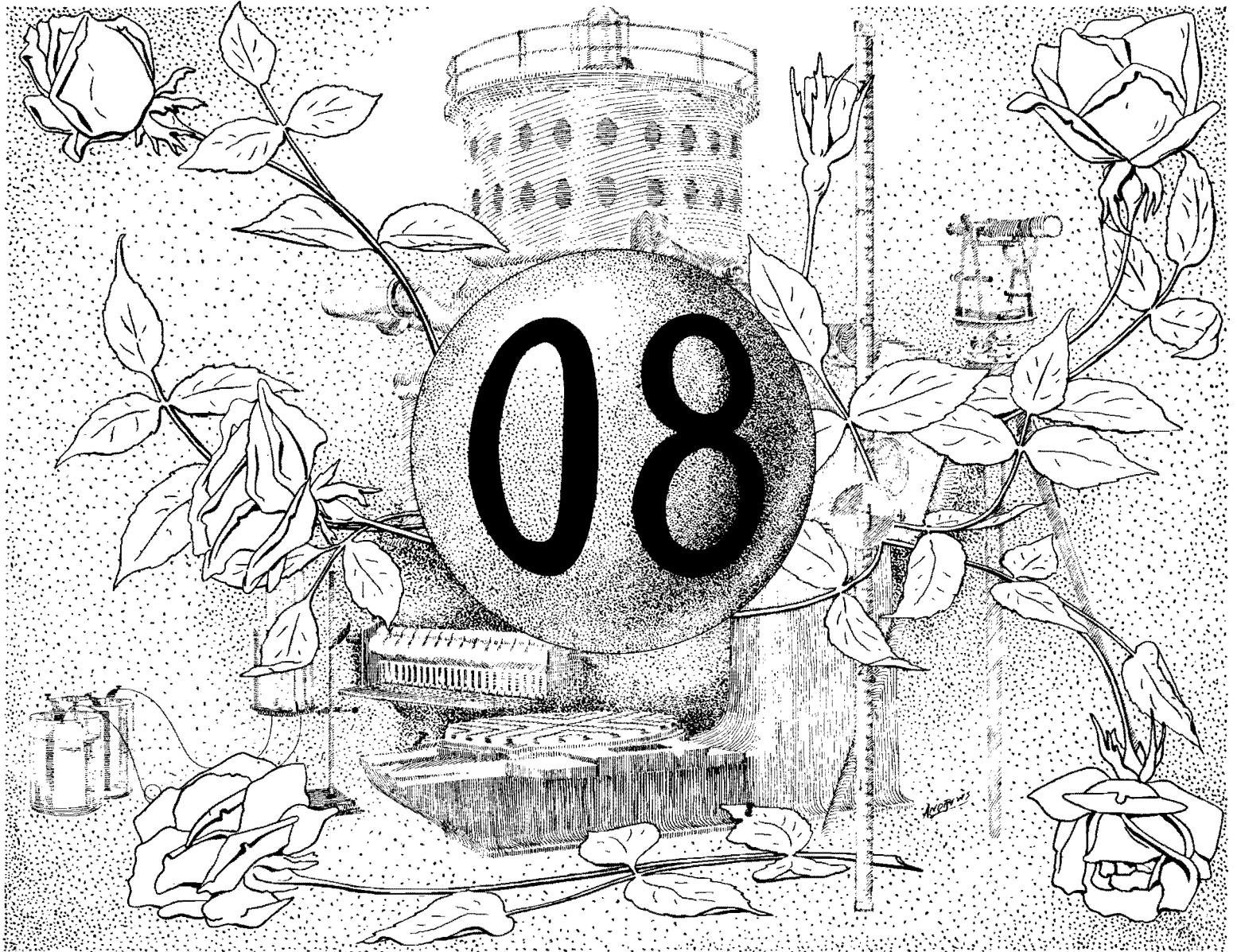


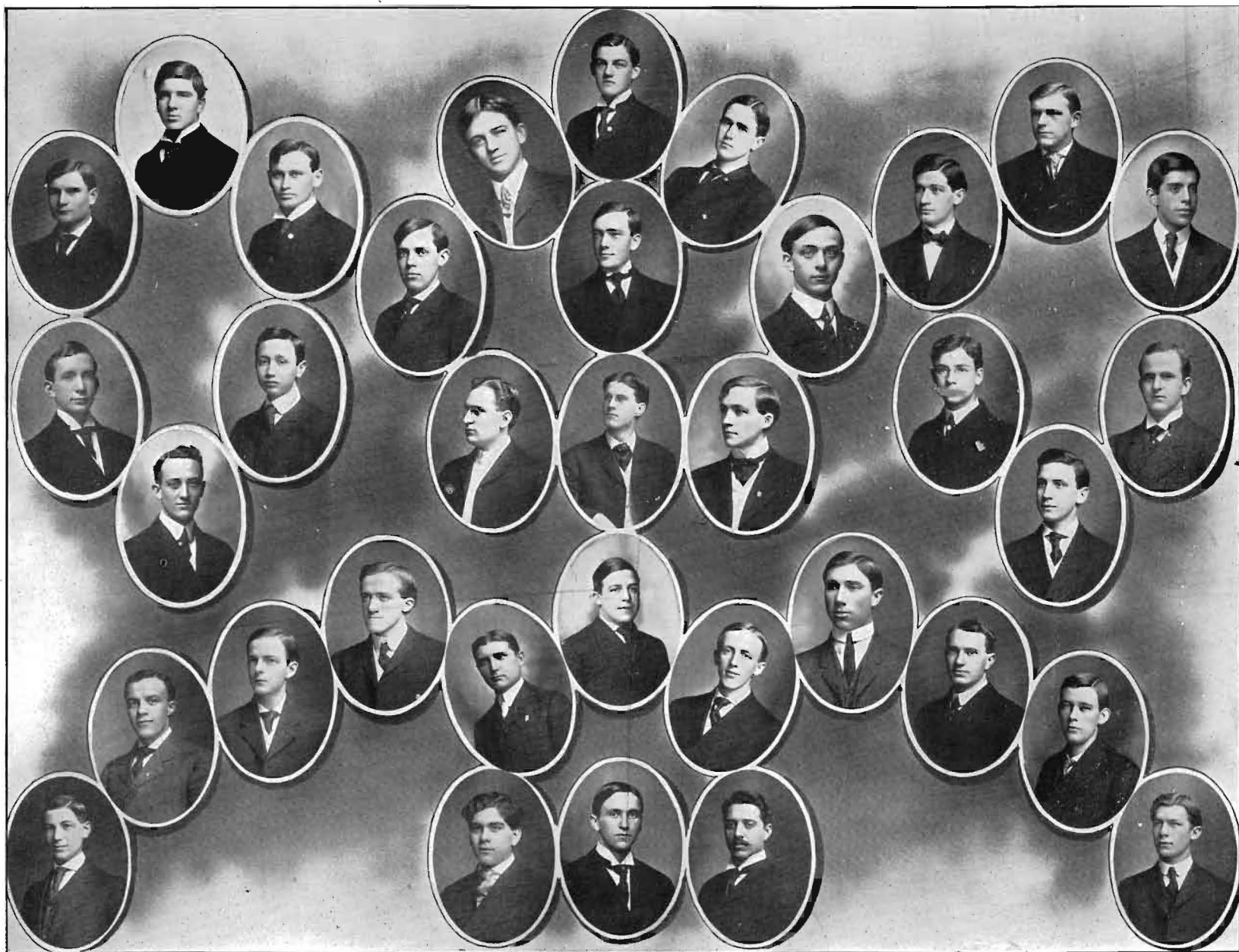


Plew	Bond	Wickliffe	Albin	Nantz	Goodman	Shickel, J. B.	Schofield
Nichols	Andrick	Stalker	O'Loughlin	Taylor	Miner	Turk	Trueblood
						Post	Baylor
						Kelly	



Davies	Routledge	Snead		Austin	Kranichfeld		Hamilton
McDaniel	Byrn	Sage	Myers	McKenna	Shickel, H. M.	Hall	Conley
Scharpenberg	Bogran	Reed	Davis	Wickersham	Heniken		Whitcotton





Unckrich

Cannon

Andrews

Johnston, R. W.

Seldomridge

Robbins

Roane

Orth

Stock

Schmidt

Hamilton

Uhl
Kelso

Hull
Mitchell

Zambrano
Whitehead

Dodge

McVittie
Sievers
Heidenger

Gibbons
Lindsley
Hunley
Douthett

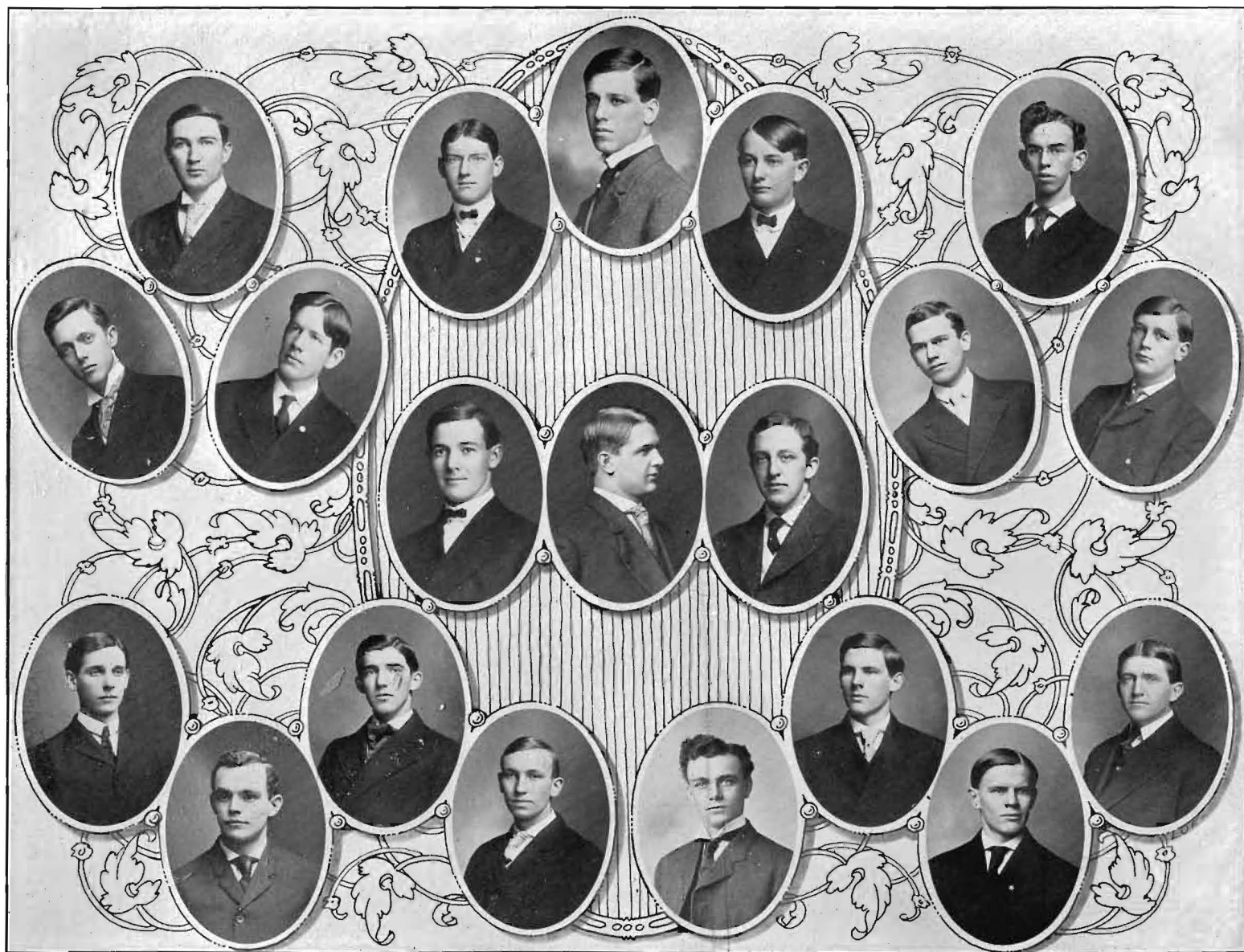
Toner
Lindeman
Bogran

Toulson

Hathaway
Fischer

Knapp
Nelson

Kerrick
Bernhardt



Johnson
Boyd

Beck

Burnett

Mooney

Johnson, J. C.

Stubbs
McCormick

Reiss

Struck
Lammers

Corson

Willison
McKeen

Jackson

Hughes
Beauchamp

Scovell

Freers
Nourse

YE CLASS OF 1908.

Little did the Great Doc, the Small, suspect when he gazed into our innocent looking faces as we were huddled together in mutual sympathy in the Assembly Room to receive from his lips the dimensions of a gentleman, that in our midst there existed a germ which would later attack our unvaccinated sense of obedience and cause him many an hour of scientific research in toxicology. Thinking, and possibly with good cause, that we had been impelled to connect ourselves to the Institute by an unquenchable thirst for deep, rarely discerned knowledge, he offered us the information that we would be given something to do; an expression that we have remembered and have come to appreciate since. We were also impressed by the tone of voice in which he looked us over and said, "You begin to-day! Not to-morrow nor next week, but to-day!" And so it was.

Soon rumors reached us of the annual slaughter of the innocents; how on Thursday night we would be expected to meet the Sophomores on the field of battle and wrest from them a challenge to a ball game on the following Saturday at which we were not to be allowed the luxury of a pipe. This we did in a tragic manner. They in turn took us cab riding out past the Fair Grounds, and we were allowed only one-way tickets. This, however, was only an attempt to repay us for a one-way boatripe to a sandbar, which courtesy was extended a party of Sophs whom we had rounded up and left marooned among the willows. On the next Saturday when the count was made, we had lost—no doubt due to the fact that only forty-two of our men took part in the fight. Our Midget helped us more than we can say by secreting himself among the spectators and flinging the large wooden memento back into our midst as soon as the referee let go of it.

When the Sophs gave their banquet we were assured by a couple of men in blue coats who were resting on the stairs that our presence was not essential to the affair; we sought to send our regards though, in the shape of sundry articles from the street below. Our own banquet was also attended by some excitement. By a stratagem our coach which was to pick us up at Third Street enroute to Marshall was occupied by the Sophomores, at the Union Station, and we were "stung." Through the efforts of Wm. Penn, the Poly's friend, we reached our supper by special train and marched into the jaws of the enemy. Some fought manfully; others, in evening dress, wishing to reach the hall as soon as possible, and remembering that $s = vt$, and given s constant, v must be increased if t is to be decreased, "streaked it." Such reasoning was the direct cause of some broken records, and suspenders, and a sprained ankle was marvelously cured.

One morning Mac gave the civils a quiz from eight to ten and told them to report for recitation at eleven. We decided that we had had enough of him for one morning and when he noticed our bent to evade him

he threatened to give us 10 apiece on the quiz. Tradition had told us to beware of cutting him, but as we knew that in order to carry out his threat he would have to raise some of our marks, we cut, and it must be said that the cut gave us a square deal.

After the finals had been summed up, it was argued conclusively to some of us that board and lodging were cheaper in localities depending upon the individual, than around Poly. When September brought us back as Sophomores we found that the argument had with other causes reduced our number to fifty-six. We had learned by this time that if school work interferes with pleasure, ditch the work; for a little learning is a dangerous thing, and ignorance is bliss; hence, 'tis folly to be wise.

The challenge fight '05 was one of the fiercest in the history of them all. Never did the cadets of Gascony enter so thirstily upon a feast of blood as did our class enter the fray. We were outnumbered, but it took a struggle that was a struggle to subdue us. A car ride toward Clinton was decided upon to get us out of the way, and a special car was chartered and a part of us were placed therein. On the way out some damage was done to the car, which increased the rent somewhat. A hack load of us had been hauled to Twelve Points and it was planned to pick that bunch up; but those in charge of the car deemed that there was sufficient trouble aboard, and gave them the go-by. Cabs had been sent after us and we did not have to walk back, which can not be said of some of our friends.

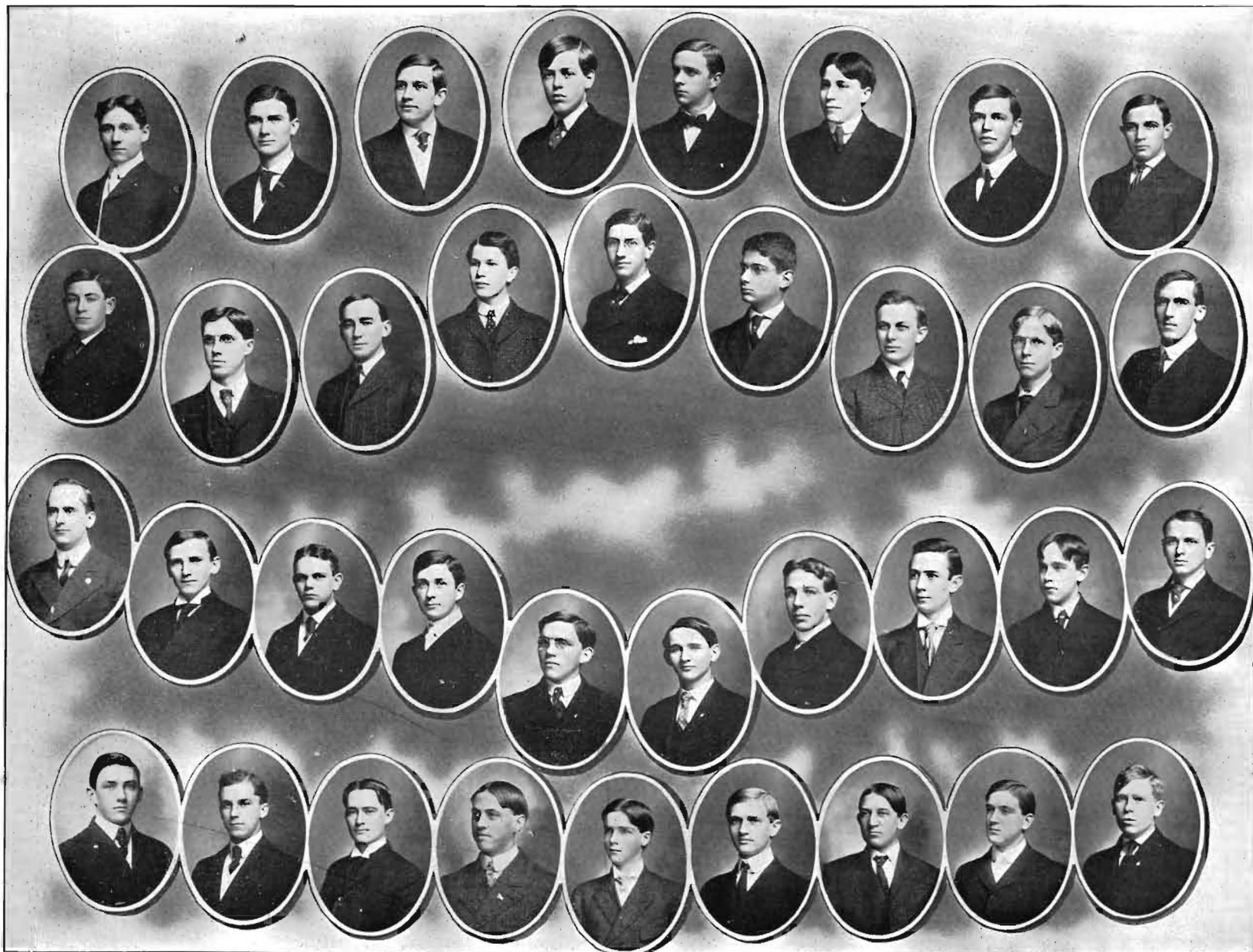
Weeks passed, and anon, the germ mentioned above had been acting on the morale of the class. Special cases were called to the Doctor's office for treatment; tongues were examined (orally), accompanied by almost audible heart thumps. Consultations have been held when other Doctors have been summoned if cases proved to be malignant. Temporary relief has followed, but no permanent cure established. We have been informed that we are the most unruly lot that ever descended the steps, and that strict measures are necessary to cope with us. Suspensions have been enforced and the "last warnings" given. Wicky says he would rather plow corn than to try to teach us. We add, "So do we!" Hath tried to lecture us, but he was interrupted by somebody saying, "We have a one o'clock today; I move we adjourn." Somebody else, "I second the motion." The question is put, and carried unanimously. We are off.

Our banquet was a success. A few Freshies were in evidence, as also a Junior or two. They stood below plotting mischief, but a cop pinched them. He thought that they were non compos mentis, else they would not try anything so foolish as to try to get at us. Our own intellectuality goes without saying, as without high mental potential and with so little study as we do we could not have reached so far. Of this conclusion we are assured,—“We're going to land on our feet, colors flying, somewhere, somehow, and at something.” We realize the folly of imitators to reproduce us, but we advise other classes to take us as their model, their ideal, and we feel sure that they'll not go far wrong, besides having a good time, if they do.

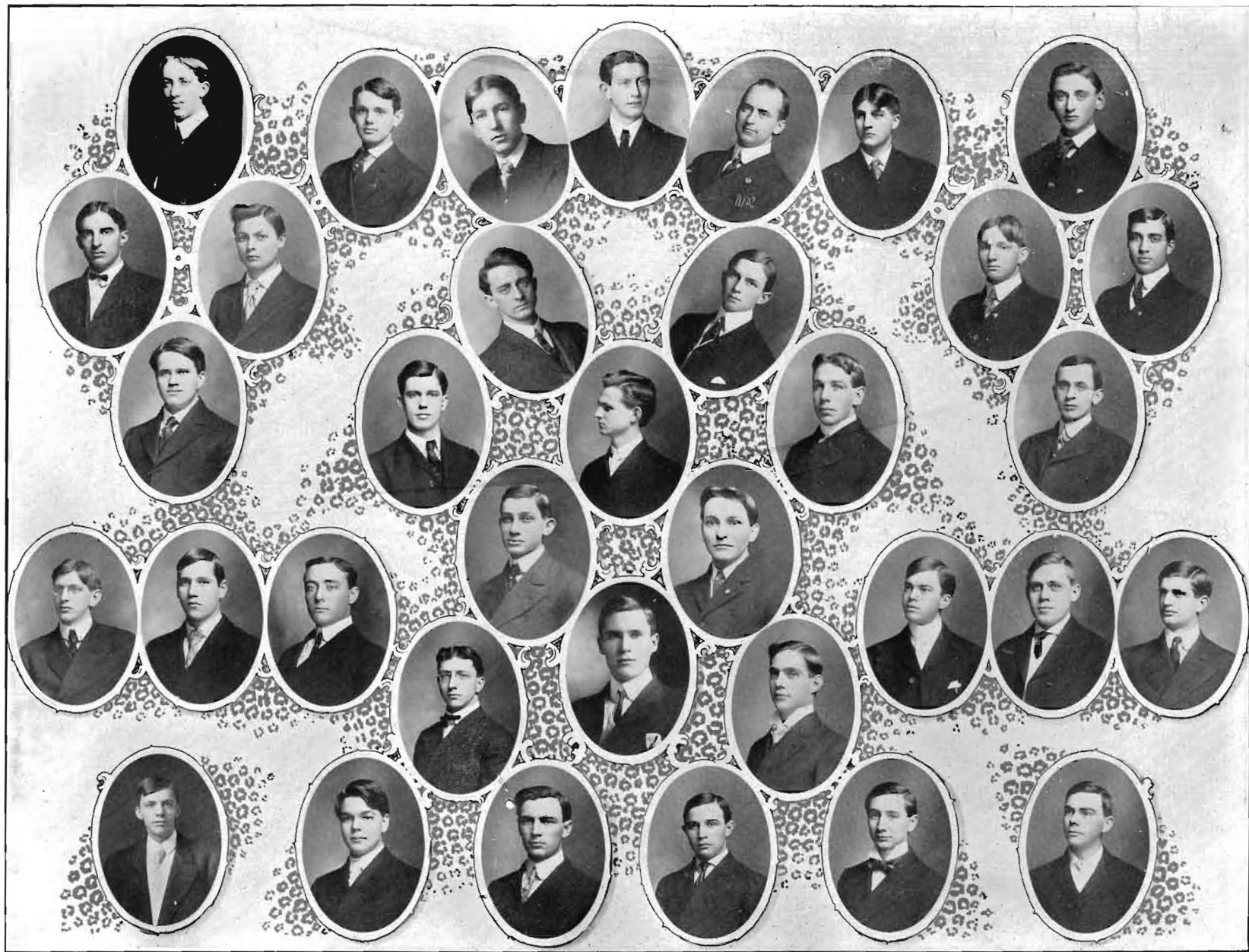
FRESHMAN



CLASS 1909



Rasch	Smith	Curry, H. W.	Dugan	Frisz	Isenberg	Crumley	Wilton
Duncan	Tyler	Piper	White	Rockwood	Ralston	Brennan	McWilliams
King, J. G.	O'Brien	Brannon	Klatte	Ransohoff	Beck	Hummel	Thomas
Mosby	King, B. B.	Stevens	Garrigus	Burgess	Heim	Wanner	Curry, G. M.



Fuller	Wardin	Grammer	Armstrong	Buckley	Sproull	King, J. G.	Markley, J. E.	Bangert	
Voges	Johnson			Lawrence	Reilly	Freeman		Goodwin	Harkness
	Wickersham	Moody	Hays	Levy	Shepard	Wilson	Darst	Trenary	Pritchard
	Holden	Comstock	Wiest	Maddox		Tuthill	Dilley	Piggott	
						Klenk			

CLASS OF 1909.

We arrived in Terre Haute Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, till all were here. As soon as we struck town we lit out for Poly. Before the close acquaintance which we have made with R. P. I., that is before we came, 'twas Rose Polytechnic; but only a week or two, sufficed to shorten the title to the much loved "Poly"; much loved by all Polys, and frequently badly misspelled by others who think that we students have a place in an ornithological collection. It didn't take us long to select our rooms and to find a place to eat, for the Y. M. C. A. put us next to all the joints, and saw us settled. Then as we had a couple of days before work began we used them in following Doc's advice to "see what sort of a burg this is, anyhow." The first few nights in town are usually spent in exploring the surrounding country under the guidance of obliging Sophomores; however, we were not only lucky in escaping their pilotings, but even got to show some of them a picnic by starlight.

Wednesday, September 13, we made our start to become Alumni of Old Rose. The whole afternoon was spent in having a few rules juggled at us. These we have forgotten, although they were to guide us during our Poly days. So with the parting fling, "everywhere conduct yourself so as to reflect credit upon the Institution" warm in our ears,—and Doc is alright in what he says, too,—we held our first class meeting. With the help of Juniors we made arrangements for our part of the challenge rush. On Thursday night we met at our rendezvous and marched out to school. In an hour we had the Sophs tied up, and the challenge in our possession. We chartered a street car and conveyed our victims, feet foremost, to the wilds North of town. We really only intended to rent the car, but through a misunderstanding the company charged us enough to buy one of the small ones. A short truce intervened, and war broke out afresh the next Saturday afternoon. The Sophs won the ball game, as they did also when they were Freshmen. Then they proceeded to get badly worsted in the Pipe Rush, as they also had gotten as Freshmen. Score, 22 to 10.

These physical fights, although sparing old clothes not at all, were but tame occurrences, when compared to the later mental stunts that we did. First of all, we got acquainted all around. First, there is Doc, importance inversely proportional to size. We had him just in mechanics, but that was enough. We soon learned when to laugh with him, and also when his biting sarcasm forbade a laugh on our part, he evidently being allowed to laugh at anything. Mac we began to revere, fear, and refear. We were impressed with his seeming knowledge of mathematics and human nature, then began to find out that he meant his zeros.

Mac has his stock of shelf-worn gags, notable among them being three,—all triangles are isosceles, the 6-9 perpetual motion, and the see-the-back-of-your-neck-if-you-could-see-far-enough. We predict a bright future for Mac. Another of our friends is der Wicky, whom we cut once in a while, having previously made arrangement. Our good Saint Daddy, halo, a face plate, is our prime favorite. We got along well until the glue began to stick things to each other, and wheels began to roll. We had a pipe with him though, and allowed him to bind up our lacerated fingers. He has invented a patent mining car and a Sunday School class; hence, he is renowned.

About three-thirty one November afternoon, word was spread around that a banquet was on for the night. The Sophs had chased several rumors fruitlessly, and this is the one time they lost out on because of thinking the report a hoax. They let us alone and we reached a special car and were carried to the east yards in safety by a switch engine, thence to Indianapolis behind No. 24, Vandalia Line. Our feast was fit for a king, and wholly free from prying Sophomores.

The first term has closed. We are over half way to Sophomoreism. Some new professors have been added to our visiting lists, as follows: Hath, with his always ready and important calculus; Doc White, who used to call the roll without looking up from his book until one day three fellows answered to the same name when he had said, "please answer to your names as they are read off," which occurrence made him suspicious of fraud. We have also met 'Arry, hexpert foundryman, who once owned the greatest brass foundry in Hindiana. 'Arry's skill is unrivalled, he being able to cast anything from a fifty-foot fly-wheel to a live bird in a cage.

Of our number many have deserted. We live in hopes, however, of meeting the class of Naughty Ten successfully to ourselves, even with depleted ranks, and of furthering our cause and that of Old Rose and White to the glory and honor of those that direct our ways, and of the school whose Alumni we shall possibly become.

E. B. '09.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING



'06

Ankeney, Fred. C.
Canfield, Harry R.
d'Amorim, Ambrosio
Eastwood, Harry W.
Evans, Robert B.
Freudenreich, Arnold E.
Hensgen, Walter O.
Johnson, John M.
Kelsall, George A.
Lawton, Clarence W.
Lee, Addison W.
Lee, Earle P.
McComb, Harold.
Pote, Frank W.
Ryan, Edward C.
Thurman, Roy.
White, Knowles D.
Wilkins, Hal E.
Wilms, H. John.
Wischmeyer, Carl.
Wischmeyer, Henry W.

'07

Andrick, Wallace P.
Bond, Rufus L.
Hall, Schuler P.
McKenna, Raymond J.
O'Loughlin, Walter M.
Orr, Harry H.
Post, Clifford W.
Routledge, Thomas E.
Sage, Russell S.
Shickel, J. Boyd.
Stalker, James R.
Turk, Paul E.
Whitecotton, Otto G.
Wickliffe, Paul R.
Taylor, Howard.

'08

Adams, A. S.
Cannon, Hiram B.
Dodge, George W.
Freers, George H.
Hamilton, Clair O.
Hull, John D.

Johnson, John C.
Kerrick, L. C.
Knopf, William C.
Lammers, Charles N.
Lindsley, Berrien M.
Mitchell, S. Eugene.
Mooney, Frank P.
Orth, Herbert D.
Roane, W. H., Jr.
Reiss, Fredric H.
Robbins, John F.
Seldomridge, Carroll H.
Toulson, Wood.

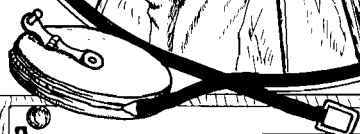
'09

Beveridge, Charles E.
Buckley, Edmund T.
Bock, Walter E.
Comstock, Charles J., Jr.
Duncan, John McK.
Darst, James M.
Fuller, Henry W.
Garrigus, Walter H.
Goodwin, David S.
King, Bert B.

Levy, Emil.
Harkness, Harry E.
Hays, Howard B.
Hammond, Harry B.
Holden, Edgar W.
Hummel, Harry H.
Johnson, James N.
Lawrence, Edward R.
Loucks, J. Lyman.
Markley, G. E.
McWilliams, Michael J.
Maddex, W. Rolland.
Piggot, Hubert P.
Piper, Carl W.
Pritchard, Amos D.
Rathbone, Walter V.
Rockwood, William H.
Shepard, James A.
Tipton, Otto A.
Thomas, Herbert C.
Treeman, Herbert.
Tuthill, J. Kline.
Tyler, Roy F.
Voges, George.
Wilton, Frederick C.
Woody, Guy.

STUDENTS

STUDENTS



CIVIL ENGINEERING.

'06

Butler
Hatch
Kahlert
Modesitt

Peck
Rotz
Schauwecker
Worthington

'07

Albin
Bogran
Cash
Conley
Kelly
Meyers
Miner
Plew

Read
Scharpenberg
Strecker

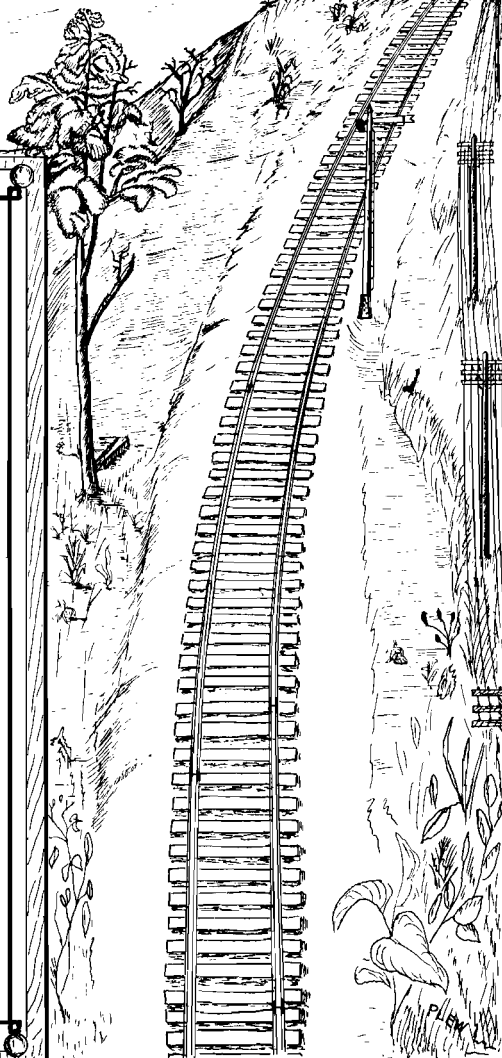
'08

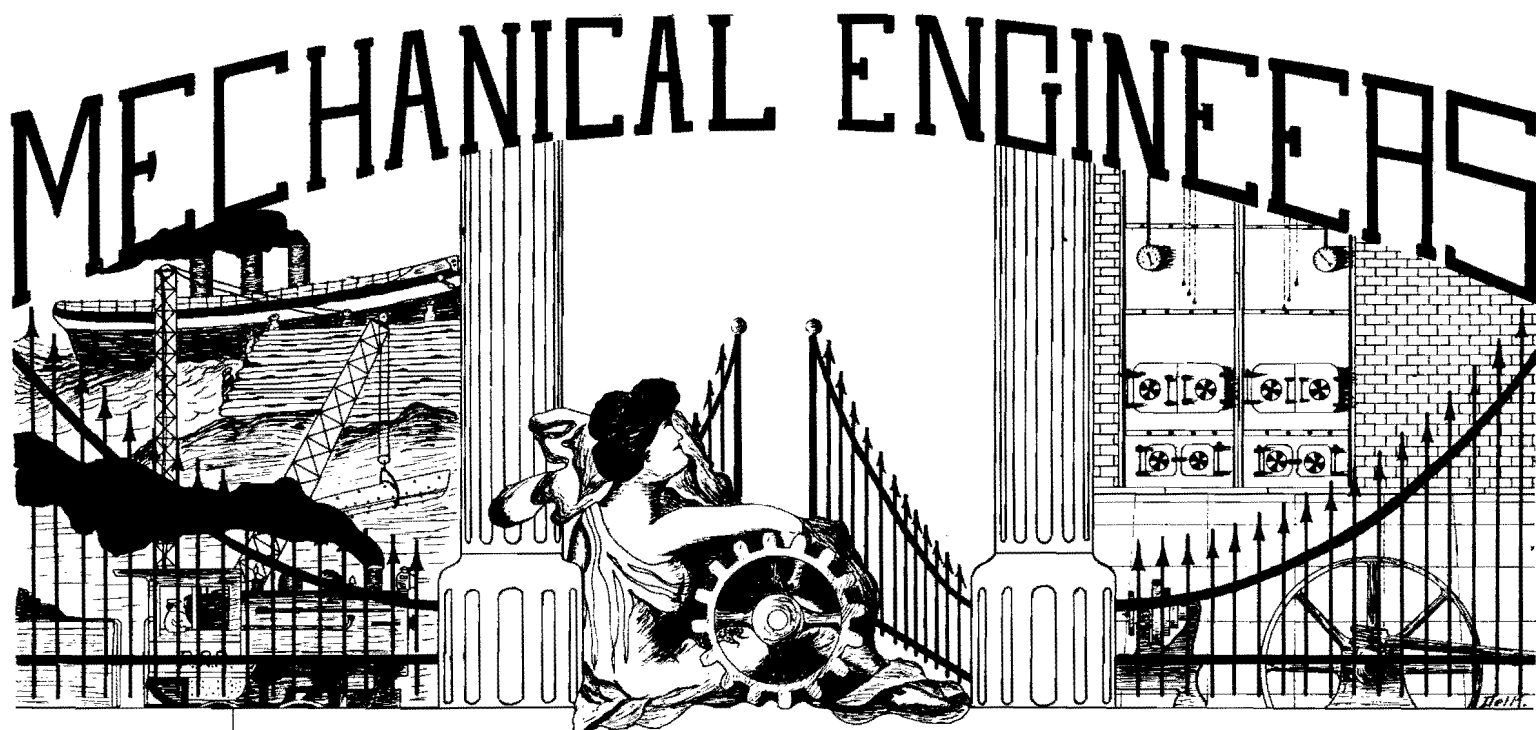
Andrews
Beck
Bernhardt
Boyd
Douthett
Gibbons
Hathaway
Hunley
Jackson
Johnson, R. W.
Kelso
Lindeman
Wilson
Phillips
Sievers

Stock
Struck
Stubbs
Uhl
Zambrano

'09

Burgess
Crumley
Curry, G. M.
Dugan
Grammer
Klatte
Montgomery
Mosby
Ralston
Richardson
Stephens
Trenary
White





'06
Benbridge
Cadden
Cannon
Curry
Delle
Jackson
Nicholson

'07
Byrn
Davis
Kranichfeld
McDaniel
Nichols
Schofield
Shickel, H. M.

Trueblood
Wickersham, E. P.
'08
Beauchamp
Bogran
Burnett
Corson

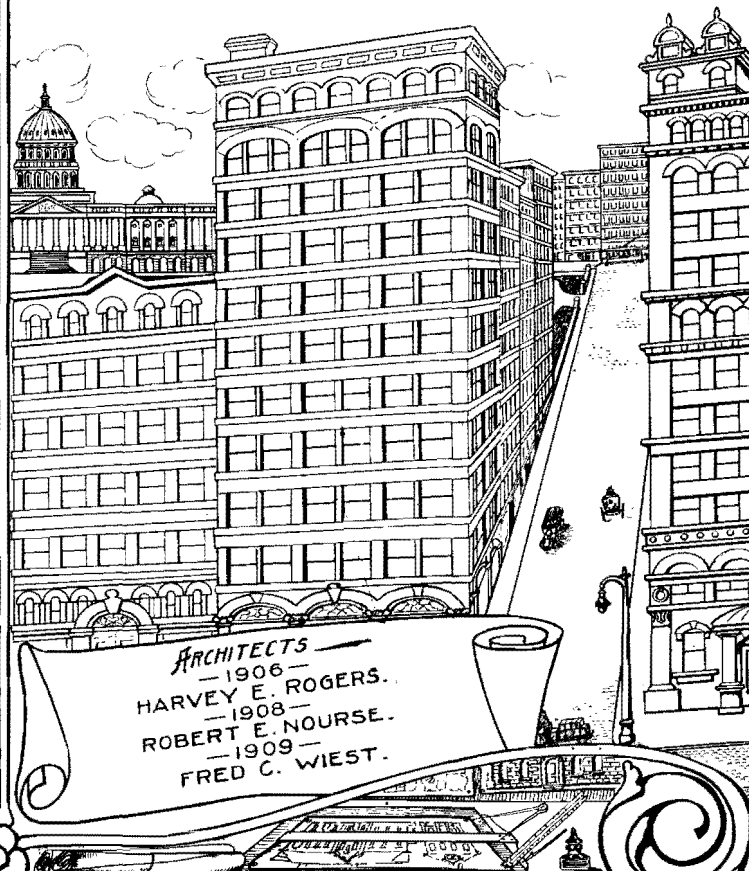
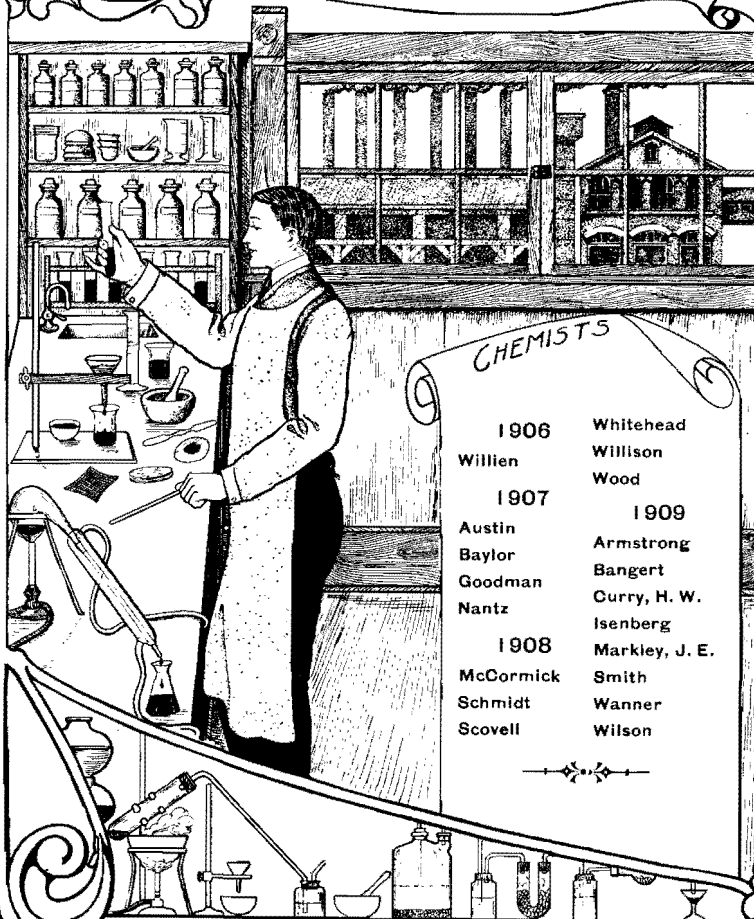
Fischer
Heidenger
Johnston, J. H.
McVittie
'09
Brannon
Brennan

Dilley
Frisz
Heim
Johnson
King, B. B.
King, J. G.
Norton
O'Brien

Ransohoff
Reilly
Roesch
Sproull
Wardin
Wickersham, R. J.

Chemistry

Architecture



HARRY W. DICKINSON



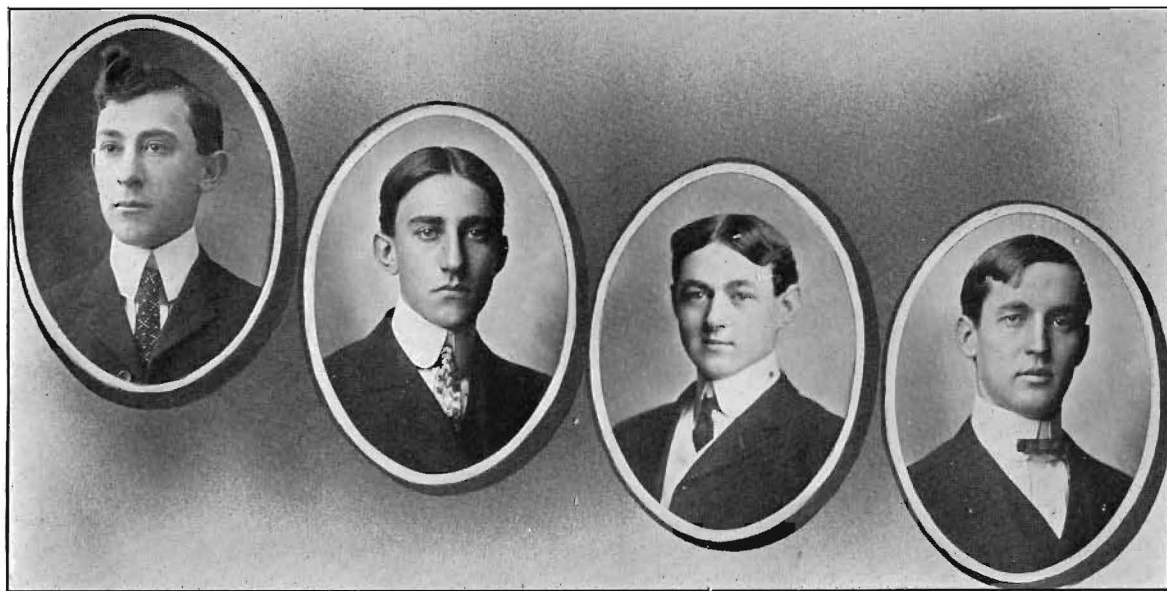
Was born sixty two years ago in south western England near Kingsleigh, and came to America twelve years later. His father was a plumber but apprenticed Harry as a brass finisher, the apprentice term being finished in Dayton, Ohio, and in Canada. Coming back to Dayton he was married, and moved to Terre Haute forty four years ago. Associated with a man named Marlin he engaged in the business of brass moulding, his foundry being located on the site of the Terre Haute Laundry, and being the largest in the State at that time. Three years after The Polytechnic was established, a foundry was added to the shops and Harry was elected to the chair, or rather the tubs, and has been pounding sand ever since.

"Arry's Place," the foundry, is the last department to be visited by sight-seers. This is merely because the best is saved to end up on, and one is repaid for the wait, especially if the professor-in-charge be in either a jovial or a quarrelsome mood. There's as much fun in him the one time as the other, but not much in the in-between spells. In his quiet moments he discourses fluently upon any theme, from the Russian Revolution down to Daddy's lectures on foundry practice and the actors of his, and later days; but in his worried moments his talk is apt to take on the azure hue betokening the roasting of the object of his wrath, and his ideas are expressed in Americanized cockney English. He is as much a necessity to the finished course at Rose as

is the Calculus, and not to have been in the foundry argues that you have missed a salient portion of the curriculum. 'Arry has known nearly every graduate from the Institute, and also many who have not graduated; but no record has ever been found of his flunking anybody in foundry practice,—the good ones he can't, and the students who deserve it, he is glad to pass to rid his place of pestilence.

The Rest Club hold sessions in his department as often as they can call a meeting or are sent down to get wise in the art of "making castings from patterns previously made in the wood room," and in the arts of "moulding, core-making, and the mixing and melting of brass, bronze, and aluminum alloys," (Catalog), which is usually gleaned from an announcement by Harry, "Now I'm going to pour for you fellows this morning, so if you want any of that light stuff make some good flasks!" The only discernible distinction ever distinguished in the alloys is between the brass or bronze and the aluminum which even a layman could not mistake. For all of the fun poked at Harry, though, he is loyal to the school, and manages to get work out of some of the boys when they are inclined. May he continue to reign supreme as the Poly's favorite until he shall be ready to give up of his own accord is the united wish of all who have rested from their labors in the foundry, or have eaten a pie outside the back door.

Arry's pet theme, Temperance, and his Teetotalism, are too well known to need comment.



William E. Maglott

Vernon V. Crawley

Tracy R. Morrow

Francis A. Wells

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANCIS A. WELLS, '05, Winchester, Ills.

Died November 1, 1904.

TRACY R. MORROW, '06, Terre Haute, Ind.

Died January 11, 1905.

VERNON V. CRAWLEY, '07, Sullivan, Ind.

Died December 14, 1904.

STETSON R. ALDER, '08, Terre Haute, Ind.

Died May 2, 1905.

WILLIAM E. MAGLOTT, '07, Mansfield, O.

Died December 11, 1905.



THE CLASSES.

Senior.

President W. R. Peck.
Vice President E. S. Butler.
Secretary-Treasurer . . E. D. Kahlert.

COLORS.—Purple and Gray.

YELL.—Rickety, Rickety, Rickety, Rix;
What's the matter with Naughty Six?
Are we in it? Well, I guess,
Naughty Six, Naughty Six, yes, yes, yes.

Junior.

President H. M. Shickel.
Vice President W. R. Plew.
Secretary-Treasurer . A. D. Schofield.

COLORS.—Black and Gold.

YELL.—Naughty Seven, Rah!
Naughty Seven, Rah! Rah!
Naughty Rah! Seven Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sophomore.

President C. M. Struck.
Vice President R. W. Johnson.
Secretary-Treasurer . . . O. L. Stock.

COLORS.—Purple and White.

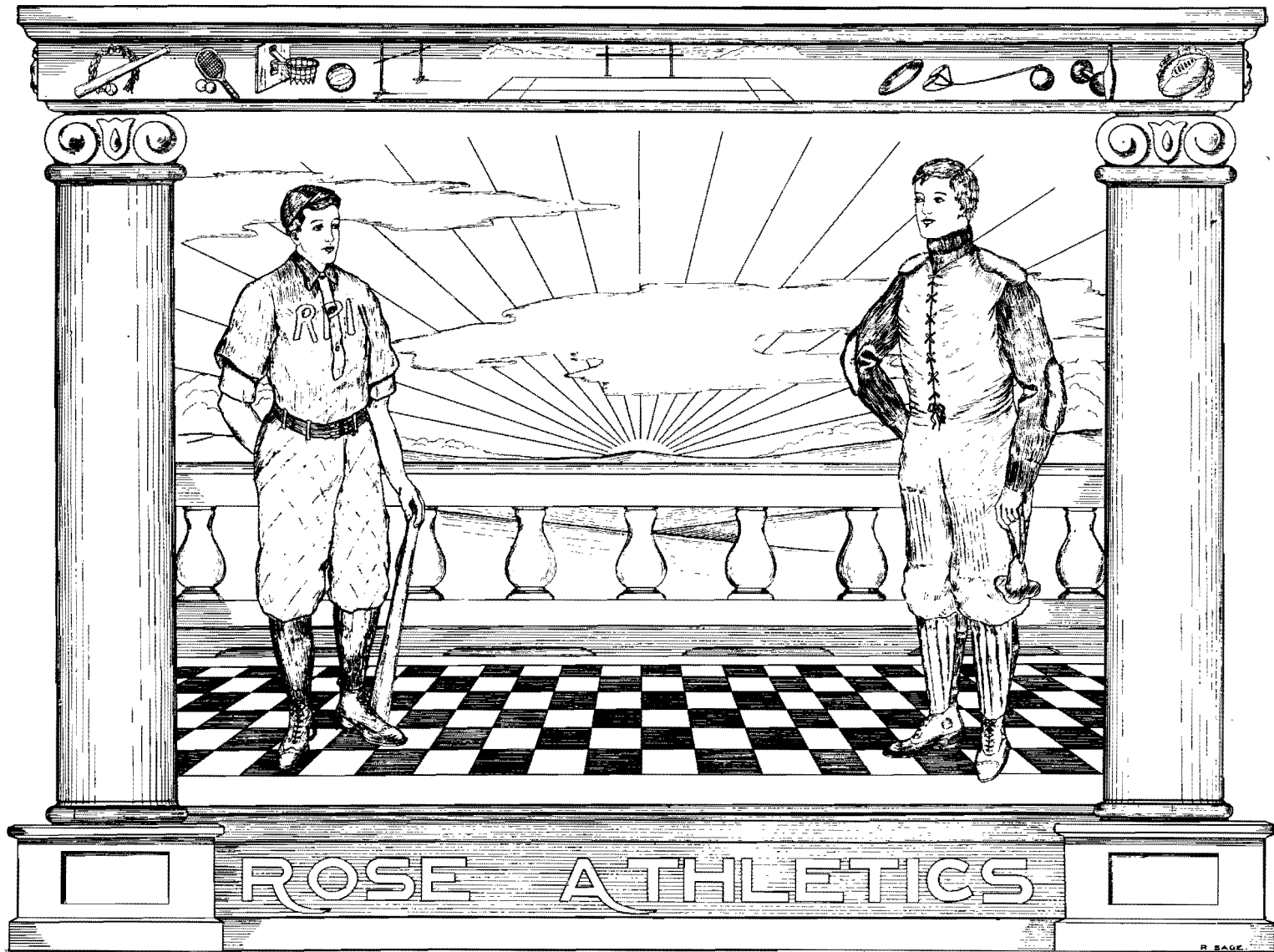
YELL.—Skid-oo! Skid-oo! Let us be!
Out of the way there! 23!
We're the candy! Simply great!
Rose Polytechnic! 1908.

Freshmen.

President R. L. Smith.
Vice President C. W. Piper.
Secretary H. E. Harkness.
Treasurer G. M. Curry.

COLORS.—Old Gold and Dark Blue

YELL—None.



FOOT BALL.

When the foot ball season of 1905 came to an end, Rose had rightful possession of the championship of the secondary colleges of Indiana. Out of ten games played with other colleges, nine were victories, and for a slight slump, all ten would be in the same column.

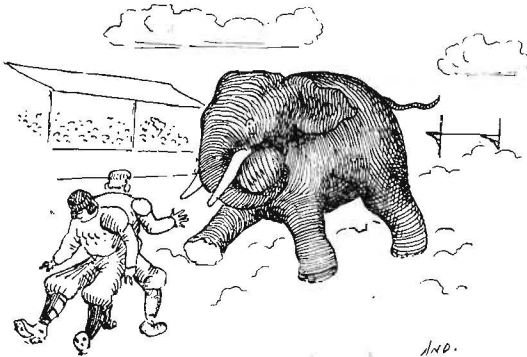
The season opened with a game with Depauw, played at Greencastle. Depauw 0, Rose 5. Next, Eastern Illinois came over and were defeated—score, 27 to 0. On the seventh of October, the Poly braves went to St. Louis to test the strength of the Washington University team. Heretofore Washington has considered a game with us merely a good practice game, but this time their eyes were opened. The ball was in our possession the greater part of the time, and in comparison with the results of previous years, the game was really a victory, in as much as we came back with a 0-0 score. Three times did we advance the ball to their 5-yard line but the necessary distance was not gained. Next, Millikin University's heavy team was sent back to Decatur with six points, while we kept seventeen. Butler, to keep up her reputation, forfeited when the ball was in our possession on their 3-yard line, with the score a tie. In this game occurred the only serious accident of the season. Captain Lee was forced to quit on account of a broken ankle, an injury which kept him laid up the remainder of the season. Strecker, '07, was elected to take the captainship. Our return game with E. I. S. N., at Charleston, was another victory. Score, 22-0. Franklin came to T. H. only to go back defeated, by a score of 56-0. Next came the Culver game, in which we met with defeat, the only time the whole season from a college team. It was a case of over confidence, the usual speed and headwork being apparently forgotten. Culver, 11, R. P. I., 6. At Richmond, ours was the game by virtue of good, honest work, probably the result of practice, induced by the defeat at Culver. This was the best game of the year. Both teams played real foot ball but evidently we did a little better as shown by the score: Earlham 12, Rose 18. The next game was with Armour Institute, of Chicago. The team more than pleased their followers by pulling down the game, 6 to 0. The Rose Alumni showed their appreciation by entertaining the team at a banquet that evening.

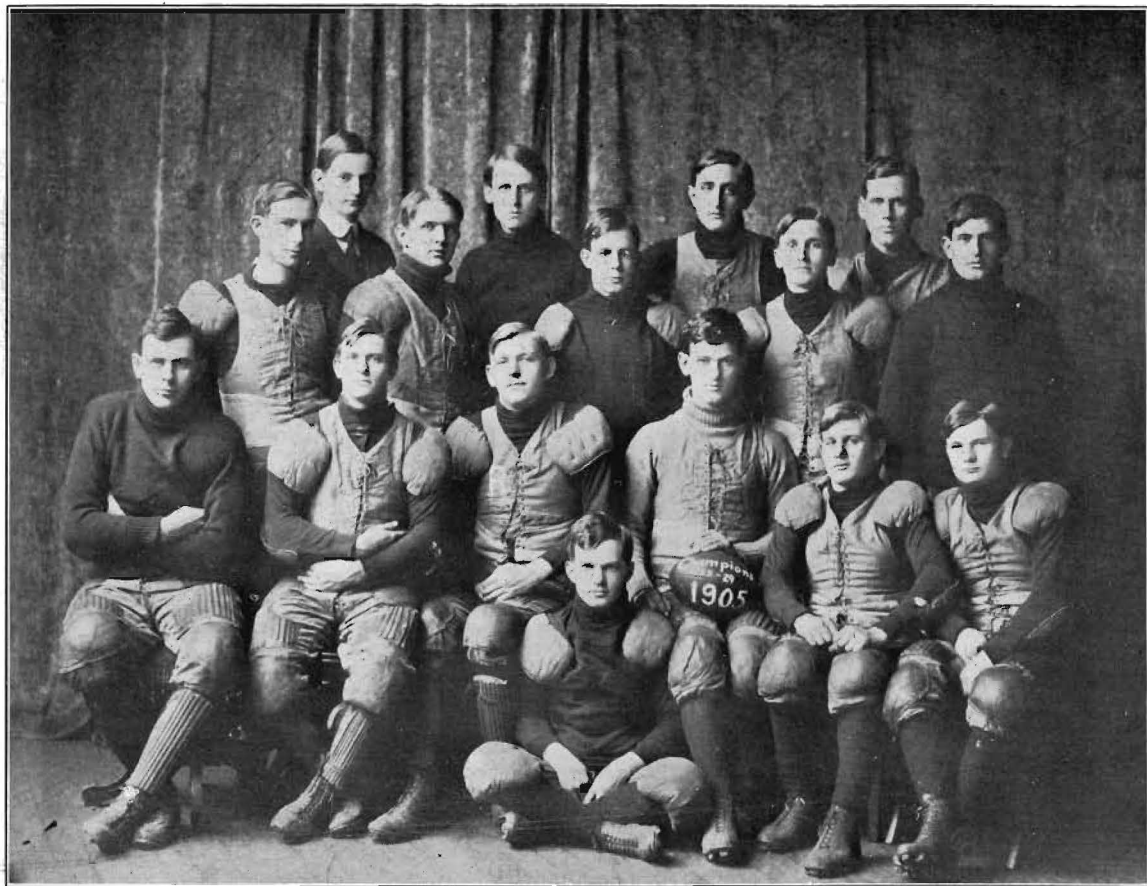
With this game ended the schedule, with one regret—we didn't get to meet I. S. N., which was due to the disbanding of their team. It is not hard to predict "what might have been." During the scheduled season our opponents made 29 points and we made 163.

A vast majority of the ginger possessed by the team was induced by the faithful and conscientious work of C. B. Jamison, of the Y. M. C. A. Here's to our coach, hoping to have one next year that will serve the team as well!



"JAMIE"





BASKET BALL.

The foot ball team, though strong as it was, was not to out class the basket ball team. While the former brought to Rose the secondary championship, the basket ball team had excellent chances to bring down the State championship.

Prospects at the first call for candidates were not altogether promising, in as much as new men were to occupy places on the team. A squad of about thirty furnished the material from which to choose a varsity.

The first games, though we lost them, were valuable in that they showed us some weak spots. Our inability to work together left a victory at Crawfordsville, and in less than a week we met I. U. on their own floor, and again lost.

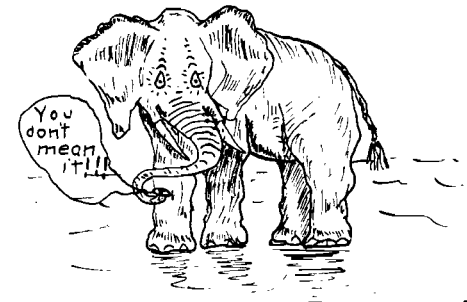
Hanover was the attraction for the first at home game, and they lost. This was a start. Poor Normal! they were beaten in their own quarters. Let's not discuss the game.

On Monday, January 29, the team left for Hanover and they won an easy game. Next day they went down the river to Louisville. While there the men were royally taken care of by the Louisville Polys. Tuesday evening New Albany Y. M. C. A. was decisively beaten before a large and enthusiastic crowd, about a third of which were for Old Rose. After the game the Alumni entertained the team at the Galt House. Next morning Butler's warriors left for Greencastle where they annexed another game. After a brief visit, Indiana was defeated here despite their threat to take both games. This was Earlham's year here and as seen from the score, this game was almost a reversal of the first game of the season. On the 17th of February, Wabash came near having her hopes for the championship crushed. It was a well fought game, and barring an unfortunate accident, there would, no doubt, be a different story to tell. As it was, it took nearly two minutes of overtime to decide the game, and it was certainly the best game of basket ball to which Terre Haute has been treated in a long time. Depauw lost their game. Time was now ripe for the Normal to come under the whip. It was a game lacking somewhat in the first principles of basket ball, but nevertheless we won, making the total number of games, won—9, lost—3.

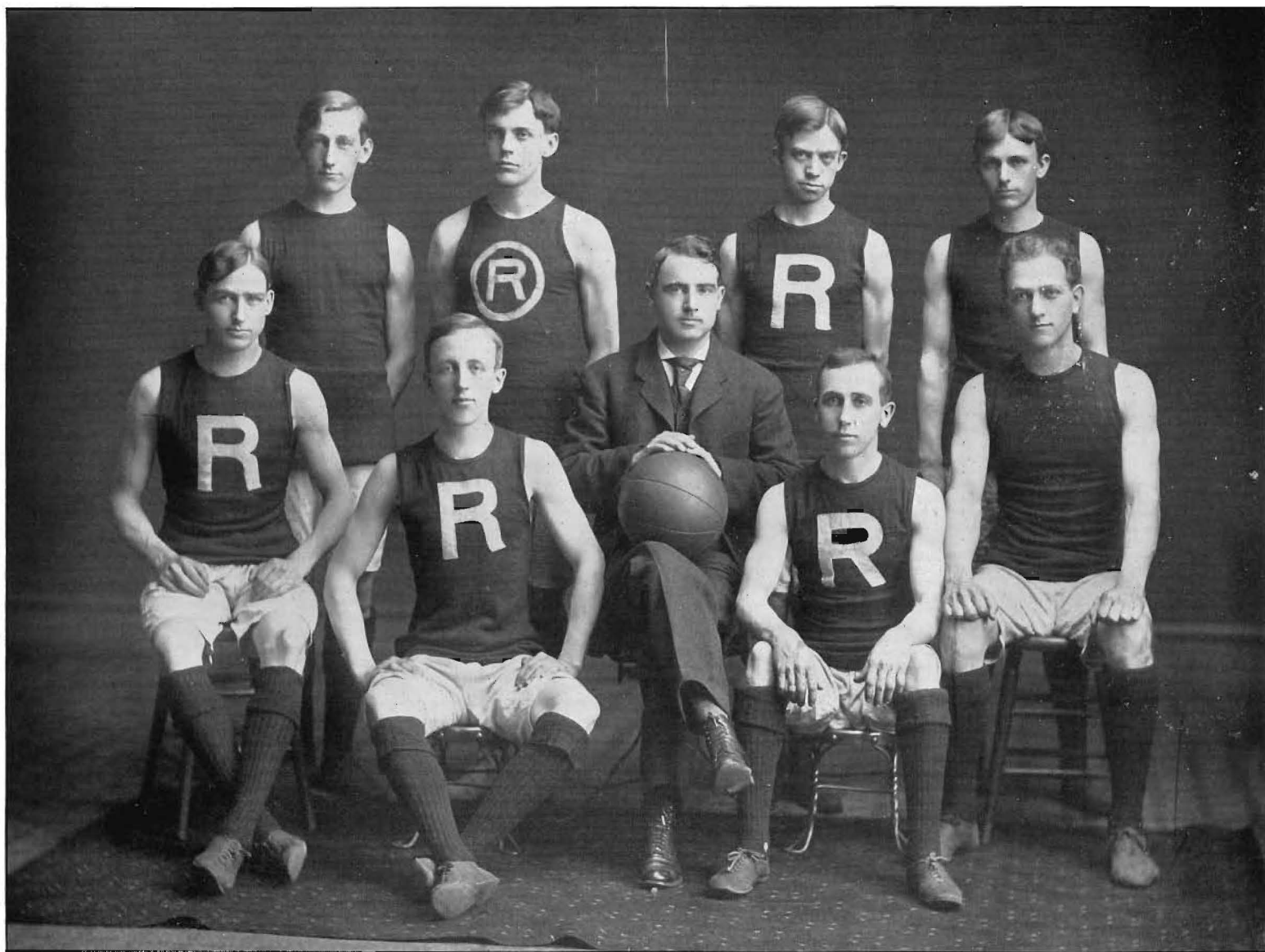
It is much to be regretted that the team has not had the instructions of an efficient coach, as most of the other college teams have had. Everything considered, the team which represented Rose was an unusually strong one.

Wabash . . .	53, Rose 11, at Crawfordsville.
Indiana . . .	45, Rose 23, at Bloomington.
Hanover . . .	19, Rose 42, at Terre Haute.
I. S. N. . . .	11, Rose 27, at I. S. N.
Hanover . . .	30, Rose 33, at Hanover.
New Albany .	19, Rose 31, at New Albany.
Depauw . . .	24, Rose 31, at Greencastle.
Indiana . . .	21, Rose 30, at Terre Haute.
Earlham . . .	16, Rose 51, at Terre Haute.
Wabash . . .	26, Rose 24, at Terre Haute.
Depauw . . .	23, Rose 37, at Terre Haute.
I. S. N. . . .	20, Rose 25, at Terre Haute.

307 365



Rose - 11
Wabash - 52



TRACK.

The highest ambition of Rose track men was realized last year when the I. C. A. L. championship pennant was won over Normal, Wabash and Earlham. The team was practically the same one which won third place in the State meet in 1903, showing that the championship was the result of consistent and hard work. Six out of thirteen State records are held by Rose men at present, while two more bid fair to be broken this spring.

The meets in 1905 began with the indoor inter-class meet, which the Sophomores, '07, won from the Juniors, '06, by the score of 30 to 24. This served as a try-out for the dual and State meets, which, with their scores, were as follows:

May 6—Rose 66, Culver 51.

May 13—Rose 92, State Normal 25.

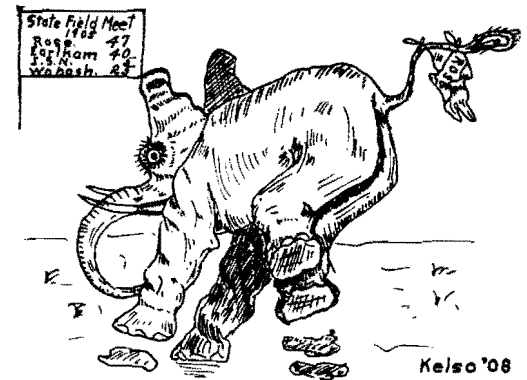
May 20—I. C. A. L. Meet, Rose 47, Earlham 40, Wabash 25, Normal 5.

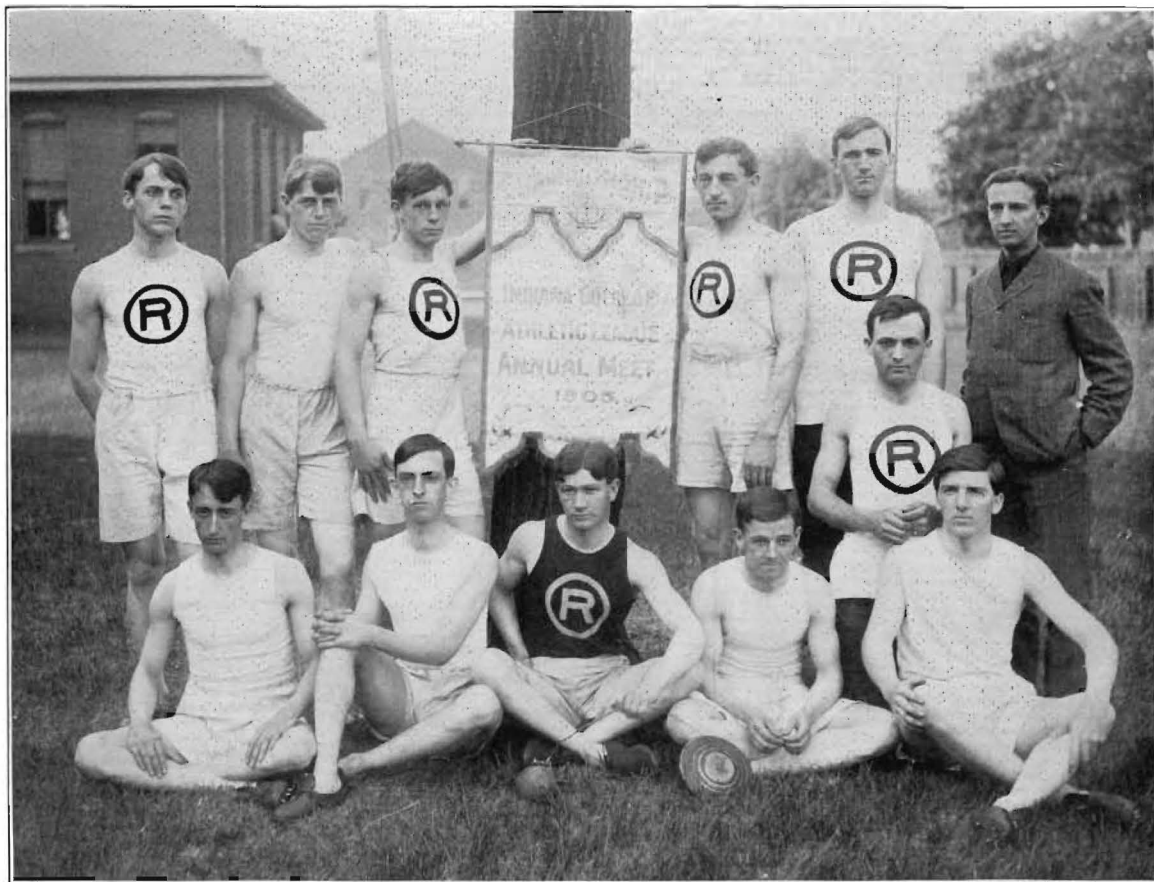
May 27—I. I. A. A. Meet, Indiana 56 1-3, Purdue 37 2-3, Notre Dame 16, Rose 11, Wabash 5, Depauw 0.

The point winners in the dual meets were Turk, '07; Modesitt, '06; Brannon, '07; McCormick, '08; Wischmeyer, '06; Willien, '06; Larkins, '05; Ryan, '06; Cannon, '09; E. P. Lee, '06; and A. W. Lee, '06; while the "R" men for the year were Turk, Brannon, Modesitt and A. W. Lee. In the State Meet the 47 points won by Rose were made by four men, Turk winning 28, Lee 9, Brannon 5, and Modesitt 5.

As far as can be found from old Moduli and Technics, the present school records and their holders are:

	School	I. C. A. L.
20 yd. dash . .	Turk and Lee, . .	2 4-5 sec.
100 yd. dash . .	Turk and Lee, . .	10 1-5 sec. 10 1-5
220 yd. dash . .	Turk	22 2-5 sec. 22 4-5
440 yd. dash . .	Turk	53 2-5 sec. 53 2-5
880 yd. run . .	McCormick	2 min. 7 2-5 sec. 2.05 1-5
Mile run . . .	Froehlich	5 min. 5 2-5 sec. 4.40 3-5
High hurdles . .	Peddle, '03	17 sec. 16 2-5
Low hurdles . .	Modesitt	No time 28 1-5
Broad jump . .	Turk	22 ft. 4 1-2 in. rec.
High jump . . .	Wischmeyer	5 ft. 7 in. rec.
Shot put	Peker	38 ft. 36 ft. 10 in.
Pole vault . . .	Larkins	10 ft. 1 in. 10 ft. 6 in.
Discus	Turk	101 ft. 3 in. 102 ft. 1-4 in.
Hammer	Brannon	110 ft. 9 in. rec.





BASE BALL.

The base ball season of 1905 opened at home with Purdue. The score—5 to 3 in favor of Purdue—does not in the least show the relative strength of the two teams, as Rose outbatted her opponents. As for the margin of two runs, that may be accounted for by a glance at the error column; we made six. We defeated Jas. Millikin University at Decatur by a score of 5 to 1. Next was Wabash at Crawfordsville. We were defeated by the usual score, 1 to 0. Culver defeated Rose on their own would-be ball field by 2 to 0. Soon afterward I. U. took a game. Things started out well for us, but soon we lost the lead and never regained it. The game ended with 6 for Indiana and 2 for us.

The losing streak was stopped by the Butler game. We scored in each of the first seven innings, —final figures 14 to 3. Then came Indiana State Normal to be defeated. It was a fairly good game, though Normal did not at any time have a chance to win. Score 9 to 5. A week later Rose defeated D. P. U. at Greencastle by a 6-to-2 score. Millikin lost their second game, 2 to 0. Depauw won their second game—final score 2 to 1. Rose then went to St. Louis, winning a fast ten-inning game from Washington University, 3 to 1, Rose running in two after two were out. In a pitcher's battle I. U. won, 5 to 0. For the third time in 1905 season we met Depauw, and won in a good fast game, 4 to 2. Assisted by a large crowd of rooters and His Majesty, the Elephant, at a distance (his presence being prohibited for fear of unduly exciting the opposing team, although he was allowed a view from a tree just outside the park), the Normal team met a defeat they have probably tried to forget. The sight of His Royal Highness in the distance must have taken all the ginger out of them. They made two hits which, with our three errors, netted them three runs. Rose took this occasion to fatten batting averages, the total hits made by us being fifteen, netting fourteen runs. Wabash, state champions, aided by our eight errors, won by a score of 6 to 2, winding up the season.

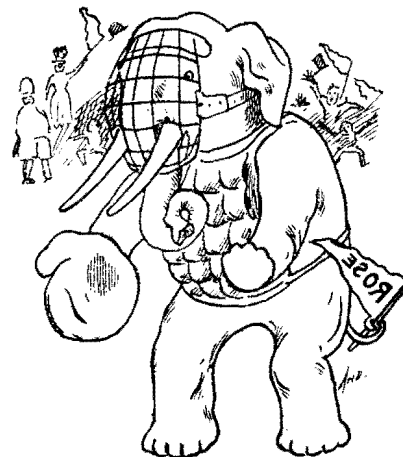
The present season was opened by breaking even with Terre Haute Central League team. The first game was won by us by a score of 1 to 0; the second by them, 6 to 1. Schmidt pitched both games, allowing the professionals only five hits in eighteen innings. Then Normal was defeated by a score of 2 to 1. Indiana lost the game played here—score, 6 to 4; but the game at Bloomington was theirs, 5 to 0. Wabash won from us on the campus; score, 9 to 1. The team then took a trip north, playing Armour Institute and defeating them 2 to 0. On the way home they met and lost to Notre Dame—score, 14-6. Depauw was next, being defeated at Greencastle by a 9 to 5 score.

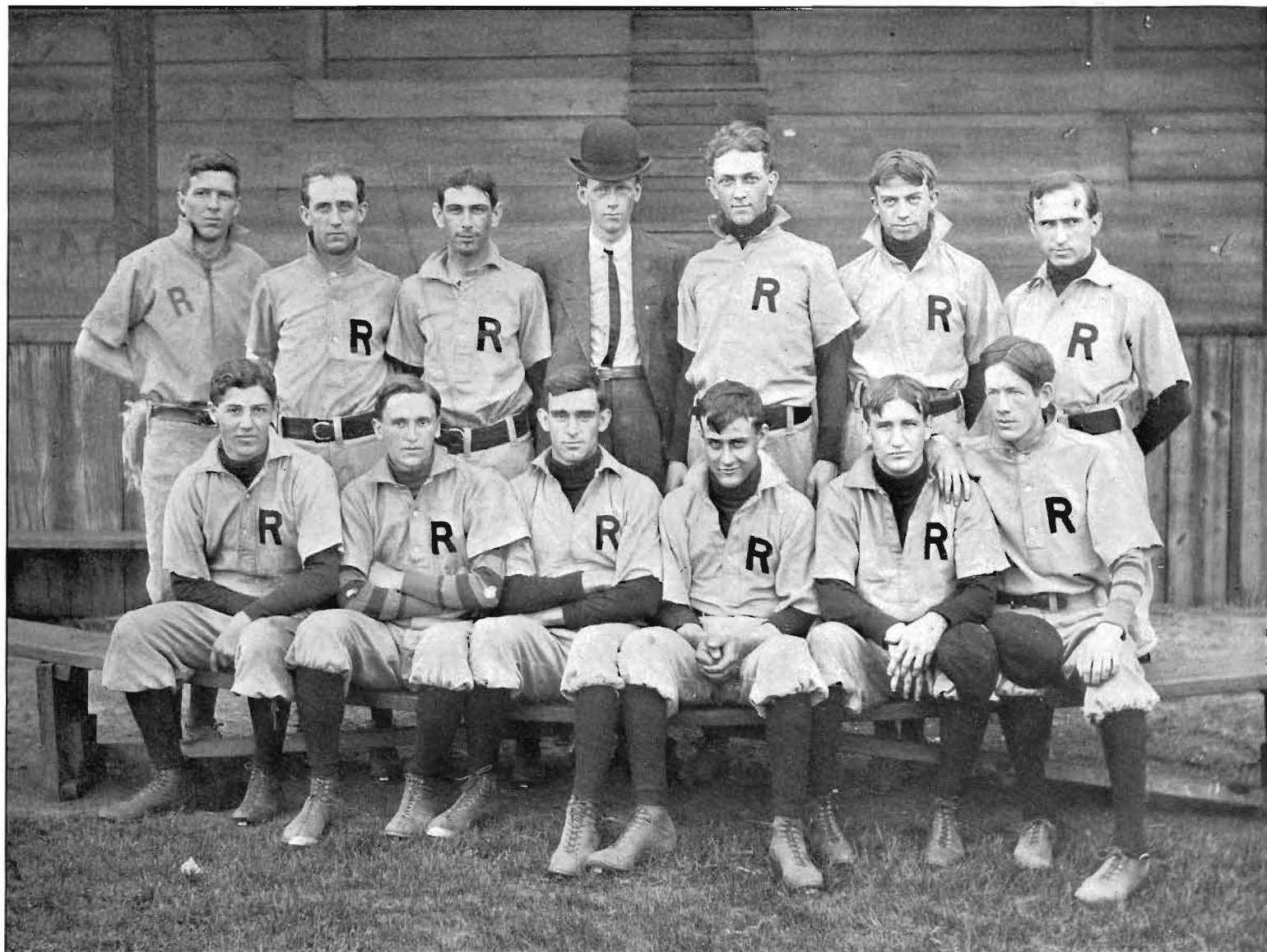
The remainder of the schedule to date is as follows:

- May 19. Wabash vs. Rose, Crawfordsville.
- “ 23. I. S. N. vs. Rose, Parson's Field.
- “ 30. Depauw vs. Rose, Campus.
- June 2. I. S. N. vs. Rose, Campus.

TEAM OF 1905.

Daily, p. and 3rd	Stoddard, ss.
Reed, c.	Bland, lf.
Douthett, 3rd and p.	Miner, cf.
Mooney, 1st	McBride, rf.
Freudeureich, 2nd.	
Subs.—Lewis, Thurman, Lee.	





Cannon
Miner

McBride

Stoddard
Douthett

Trowbridge (Mgr)
Daily

Freudenreich
Reed

Thurman
Bland

Lewis
Mooney

RESULTS OF I. C. A. L. MEET

Held at Richmond, May 19, '06.

Rose 42, Wabash 30, Earlham 30, Normal 14.

New Records Made—

220 hurdles, 27 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds.

220 yard dash, 23 seconds.

440 yard dash, 52 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds.

Shot put, 36 feet 10.3 inches.

Broad jump, 22 feet 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Hammer throw, 118 feet.

MANAGERS AND CAPTAINS FOR 1905-6.

Foot Ball—Hatch, Manager; Lee and Strecker, Captains.

Basket Ball—Butler, Manager; Johnson, Captain.

Track—McDaniel, Manager; Turk, Captain.

Base Ball—Worthington, Manager; Mooney, Captain.

FOR 1906-7.

Foot Ball—Goodman, Manager; Strecker, Captain.

Basket Ball—Miner, Manager; Trueblood, Captain.

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE FOR 1906.

Some School at Terre Haute (date yet open) . .	Sept. 29
Eastern Illinois State Normal, at Terre Haute .	Oct. 6
Washington University, at St. Louis	Oct. 13
Wabash, at Crawfordsville	Oct. 20
Culver, at Culver	Oct. 27
Depauw, at Terre Haute	Nov. 3
Vanderbilt, at Nashville, Tenn.	Nov. 10
Franklin, at Terre Haute	Nov. 17
Milliken, at Decatur	Nov. 24
Some Big School at Terre Haute	Nov. 29

ROSE

RR
RESERVE

R
BASE BALL

R
FOOT BALL

Ⓡ
TRACK

R
BASKET BALL

RR'S

TAYLOR.

WEARERS OF THE "R."

FOOTBALL.

Richard W. Benbridge, '06	1903
Claude L. Douthett, '08	1903
Walter R. Peck, '06	1904
H. John Wilms, '06	1904
Addison W. Lee, '06	1904
Chas. Lammers, '08	1904
Earl Schmidt, '08	1904
John M. Rotz, '06	1905
James S. Jackson, '06	1905
Howard Taylor, '07	1905
Robert Strecker, '07	1905
Amos D. Pritchard, '09	1905
Basil Whitlock, '10	1905

BASKET BALL.

John M. Johnson, '06	1904
Roy Thurman, '06	1904
Harry M. Shickel, '07	1904

Cecil N. Trueblood, '07	1904
Paul Lindeman, '08	1905
Arnold E. Freudenreich, '06	1906
J. Boyd Shickel, '07	1906

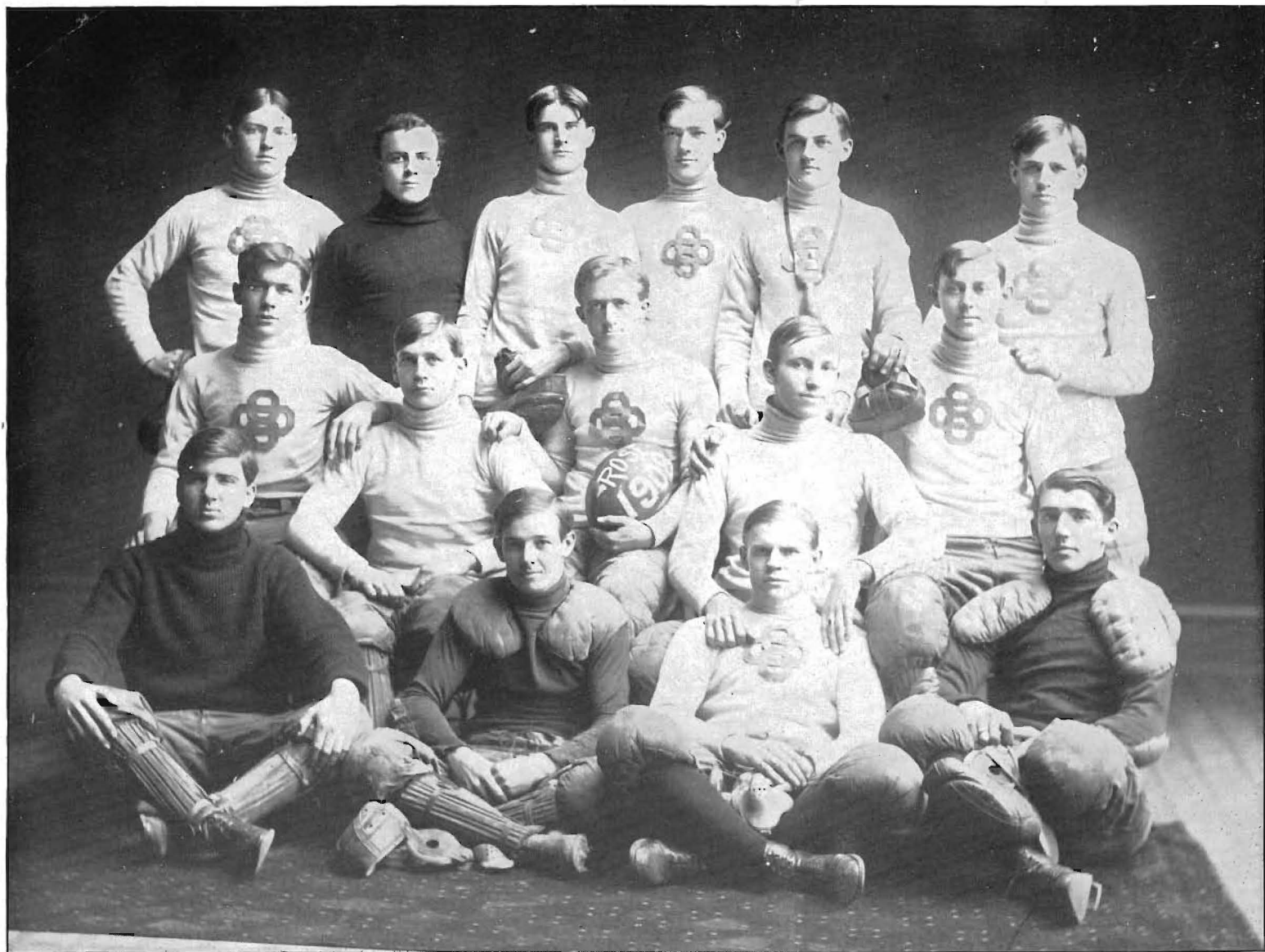
TRACK.

Addison W. Lee, '06	1903
Paul E. Turk, '07	1903
C. W. Wischmeyer, '06	1904
Chas. C. Modesitt, '06	1904
Claude L. Douthett, '08	1904
Geo. McCormick, '08	1905

BASE BALL.

Arnold E. Freudenreich, '06	1903
Harry D. Baylor, '07	1904
Erwin J. Miner, '07	1905
Frank P. Mooney, '08	1905
Claude L. Douthett, '08	1905







Y. M. C. A. CABINET

STUDENT COUNCIL

ATHLETIC DIRECTORS

Y. M. C. A.

President, C. W. Post

General Secretary, C. W. Rich

Vice President, J. F. Robbins

Secretary-Treasurer, H. W. Eastwood

Since the issue of the last **Modulus** the policy of the Rose Y. M. C. A. has been greatly changed. During the year 1904-05 the work was carried on by the students much as it had been for a few years past. The membership was not large and the average attendance was not very encouraging to the few earnest workers who had charge of the work. One Bible class was conducted by a prominent leader of one of the churches on Sunday mornings, and this class was fairly well attended.

Toward the latter part of the year it became apparent that through the loss of several members in the graduating class the work for the year 1905-6 would fall heavily upon a few men of the lower classes. Acting upon the advice of State leaders, the associations of Rose and the State Normal, aided by the city association, raised a fund for the purpose of hiring a General Secretary, whose time and work should be divided between the associations of the two schools. Mr. C. W. Rich, Ill. U., '04, was secured for this position and entered upon his work in the fall. Mr. Rich has proven a tireless worker in the cause. He has a faculty for winning friends and interesting them in the association work that has proven its value in the rapid growth in membership and in the increased attendance at Bible study and the regular weekly meetings. In this work Mr. Rich has been aided by an energetic set of officers, who, by their efforts have made it possible to carry on much of the work that has been so successful during the year.

A brief review of a few of the phases of the work for the present college will serve to show some of the activities of the present policy of the Association. During the opening days of the Institute last fall the Association men carried on a very effective and practical work for new students. By the meeting of trains, distributing of hand books, by helping men find rooms and board, practically all of the new men and several old men were assisted in some way or another. No small part of this work was the calling upon men in their rooms during the opening days of school. The Fall reception to the Freshmen class was attended by some two hundred and fifty people. The membership of the Association this year has included fifty-one men of the Institute. The regular weekly meetings have been well attended and of a very practical and helpful nature; but probably the most practical and effective work of the organization has been that done by the Bible study department. Fifty men have been enrolled in this work, thirty-two of whom have remained in it two months or more. The different classes, with one exception, have been conducted by students, in the rooms of the men, taking up in a very informal way a systematic study of the Bible. The Association, too, has been very fortunate in securing visits from the traveling secretaries of the Association Movement. Mr. Charles D. Hurrey, Mr. V. W. Helm, and Mr. W. D. Weatherford, from the Student Department of the International Committee; Mr. A. W. Hanson, of the State Committee, and Mr. Neil McMillan, Jr., General Secretary of the Association at the University of Illinois, have been the men who have visited the Institution. Through the kindness and co-operation of Dr. Mees, Mr. Hurrey and Mr. Helm were given opportunity to speak before general assemblies of the Student body. These addresses were very instructive and very much appreciated by the men at Rose.

Intercollegiate relations have been fostered through sending representatives to the State Convention and to the Convention of the Volunteer Movement at Nashville, Tennessee.

STUDENT COUNCIL

President Senior Class	W. R. Peck.
President Junior Class	H. M. Shickel.
President Sophomore Class	C. M. Struck.
President Freshmen Class	R. L. Smith.
President Athletic Association	A. W. Lee.
President Y. M. C. A.	C. W. Post.
President Symphony Club	A. W. Worthington.
President Telegraph Association	Roy Thurman.
President Scientific Society	F. A. Delle.
President Camera Club	G. A. Kelsall.
Editor of Technic	Carl Wischmeyer

OFFICERS:

President	Peck.
Vice President	Wischmeyer.
Secretary	Struck.
Treasurer	Shickel.
Clerk	Worthington.



SYMPHONY CLUB.

In looking up ancient history, it is found that early in the nineties Prof. Wickersham formed a Glee Club. This club met at his house on Sundays, and sang German songs. It is rumored that he had these songs, especially Tannenbaum, sung during school hours in order to keep the boys awake. Another rumor has it that Dr. Mees met and sang with them. These rumors are well founded.

Still further back, even so far as 1889, there was an orchestra of twelve pieces formed, in the class of '92. In January, 1890, this was made a school affair, and on the 23rd of May of that year, a concert was given. More modern history has it that a Mandolin and Guitar Club appeared in concert on March 21st, 1895, covering themselves with glory. Dr. Mees led the orchestra for two months and directed them in their concert on March 20, 1896.

New history was made May 6, 1892, when a Glee Club and Orchestra concert was given. This Glee Club was formed the year before, mainly by some High School boys who were just ready to enter Poly. They were called the Black Sheep Club, and are really the ancestors of the present Glee Club. Mrs. Adams led the Glee Club and Mr. J. Dow Sandham led the Orchestra.

Thus it is seen that the present Symphony Club really dates from the last two clubs mentioned, being known under that name early in 1903.

In 1904, the present Mandolin and Guitar Club was admitted.

The Symphony Club has flourished under the able direction of Mrs. Allyn Adams, for the Glee Club, of Mr. Hugh McGibney, for the Orchestra, and of Mr. W. G. Brandenburg, for the Mandolin and Guitar Club. The work done by each member of the Symphony Club is of a higher order than is usual with clubs of like nature, and their programs are appreciated by the music loving people of the city.



THE VARSITY GLEE CLUB.

First Tenor—

Canfield, '06
Rogers, '06
Knopf, '08

First Bass—

Cannon, '06
Andrews, '08
Douthett, '08
Trenary, '09

Accompanist—Brannon, '09

Second Tenor—

White, '06
Kahlert, '06
Lammers, '08

Second Bass—

Shickel, '07
Fischer, '08
Lindsley, '08
Smith, '09

Director—Mrs. A. G. Adams

ASSOCIATE GLEE CLUB.

First Tenor—

Austin, '07
Dodge, '08
Schmidt, '08
Curry, '09

First Bass—

Modesitt, '06
Andrick, '07
Robbins, '08
Seldomridge, '08

Second Tenor—

Scovell, '08
Stubbs, '08
Thomas, '09
King, '09

Second Bass—

Post, '07
Myers, '07
Adams, '08
Tyler, '09
Wardin, '09
Woody, '09





ORCHESTRA.

First Violins—

Daily, '05
Canfield, '06

Second Violins—

H. Wischmeyer, '06
Ransohoff, '09

First Clarinet—

Landrum, '04

Flute—

Worthington, '06

Viola—

C. Wischmeyer, '06

Cornet—

Stock, '08

Second Clarinet—

Ankeney, '06

Cello—

Wanner, '09

Trombone—

Hammond, '09

Drums and Traps—

Ryan, '06, and Lee, '06







Rose Mandolin and Guitar Club

FIRST MANDOLIN

Gibbons

Seldomridge

Lindsley

Meyers

SECOND MANDOLIN

Stubbs

Robbins

Lee

Ryan

d'Amorin

Hall

THIRD MANDOLIN

Wilms

Comstock

GUITARS

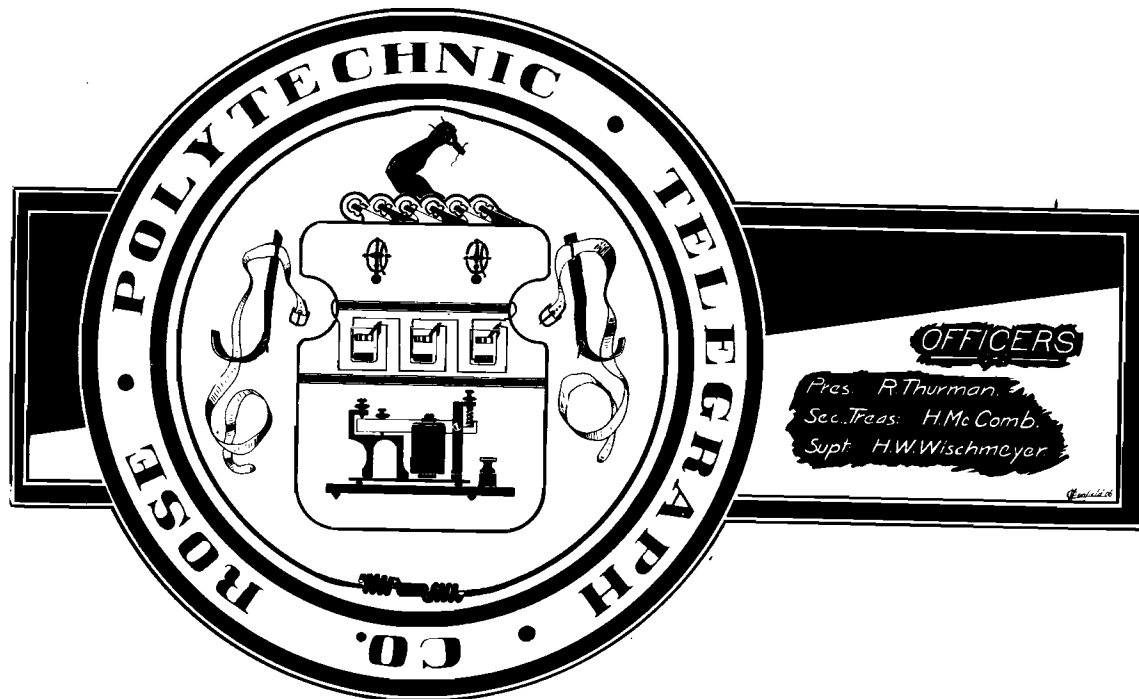
E. W. Turk

Aikman

Ankeney

MANDOLA

Brandenburg, (Director)



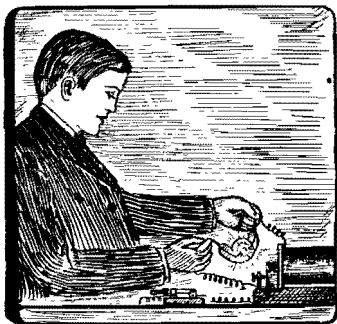
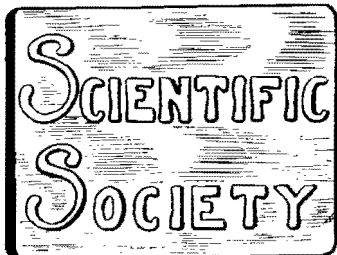
OFFICERS FOR 1906-7.

President, - - - - - C. W. POST.
 Superintendent, - - - G. W. TRENARY.
 Secretary-Treasurer, - JAS. GIBBONS.

	Call.
Canfield, H. R.	KI
Gibbons, Jas.	A
Evans, R. B.	RB
Hatch, F. N.	HY
Hensgen, W. O.	FS
Kelsall, G. A.	MY
Kerrick, L. C.	H
Lee, A. W.	JR
Markle, A. R.	US

	Call.
McComb, H.	MC
Post, C. W.	K
Rotz, M. John	FN
Ryan, E. C.	RY
Shickel, Boyd	G
Shickel, H. M.	MS
Sproull, C. W.	MX
Thurman, Roy	TU
Trenary, G. W.	GW

	Call.
Tuthill, J. K.	NY
Tyler, R. F.	QN
Wiest, F. C.	BS
Wilkins, H. E.	X
Williams, Prof. N. H. .	KS
White, K. D.	NI
Wischmeyer, C.	RA
Wischmeyer, H. W. . .	WS
Worthington, A. W. . .	GA



THE ROSE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The suggestion to organize a Scientific Society for the purpose of giving students some practice in discussion and debate, and at the same time give an opportunity to study some subjects not directly treated in class, was made in a faculty meeting by Dr. Mees, in Sept., '94.

Dr. Gray, who had had experience in such societies, as organized in Europe, took an active interest in the proposed organization, and accordingly the matter was presented to the students in general assembly, in October, '94, a committee being appointed to draw up a Constitution and By-Laws.

The Committee submitted a Constitution and By-Laws in November of the same year, and officers were elected, as follows:

President, E. A. Darst, '95.

Secretary-Treasurer, Walter Decker, '96.

Councilmen, L. E. Troxler, '95, and O. E. McMeans, '96.

Meetings were to be held the first and third Friday evenings of each month in the Physical Laboratory of the Institute, the first meeting being held on the 3rd Friday in Oct., '94. Ten good meetings were held up to the time of discontinuing for the year in May. In the following year, after two attempted meetings in the evening, time was set during the day, and a practice hour was given up for this purpose, and eight good meetings were held during this year. The number of meetings held in each of the succeeding years was variable, and reached a very low ebb in the last few years. This year, however, the student body has showed an increased interest in scientific affairs, aroused by the activity of the president, and as a result, several good papers have been presented.

OFFICERS.

Delle, '06, President

Johnson, '06, Senior Councilman

Ryan, '06, Secretary-Treasurer

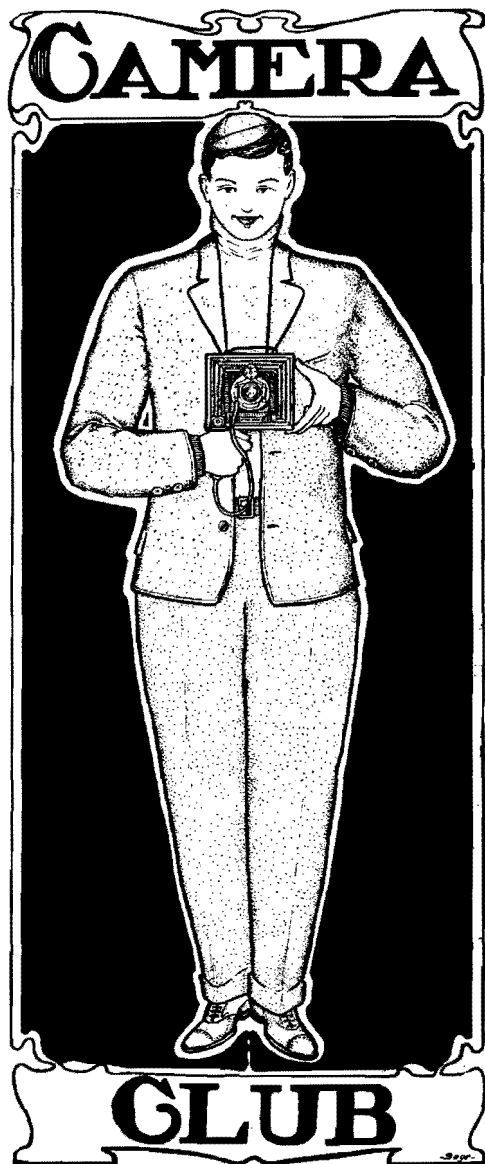
Heniken, '07, Junior Councilman

Members—Active, Seniors and Juniors.

Members—Associate, Sophomores and Freshmen.

PAPERS READ.

Lifting Magnets,	-	-	-	-	-	Eastwood, '06.
Street Car Wiring,	-	-	-	-	-	- Kelsall, '06.
Railroad Construction,	-	-	-	-	-	- Myers, '07.
Telephony,	-	-	-	-	-	- Hensgen, '06.
Gasoline Railway Motor Cars,	-	-	-	-	-	- Paige, '02.
American Diesel Oil Engine,	-	-	-	-	-	- McComb, '06.
Modern Research Applied to Astronomy,	-	-	-	-	-	- Prof. Williams.



OFFICERS.

President, Kelsall, '06.

Vice-President, Johnson, '06.

Secretary-Treasurer, Lindsley, '08.

A new dark room has been built, new equipment put in, instructive talks upon themes of interest to kodakers have been given, and some of the members are experimenting in color photography. The results of their trials are awaited, and they will be discussed when completed.

MEMBERSHIP.

'06.

Cannon, J. W.

Johnson

Kelsall

Lee, A. W.

Wilms

Wischmeyer, C.

'08.

Burnett

Hughes

Kerrick

Kelso

Lindsley

'07.

Albin

Bond

Kelly

Routledge

Scharpenberg

Shickel, J. B.

Shickel, H. M.

Stalker

'09.

Garrigus

Loucks

Woody







Proba. Pura.

Indiana Gamma Gamma Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega.

Established 1893.

ROGER DeL. FRENCH.

1907

Erwin J. Miner

Paul R. Wickliffe

Alonzo D. Schofield

Donald McDaniel

1908

Claude L. Douthett

Stanley Whitehead

Chas. M. Struck

1909

Courtney L. Montgomery

Fratres in Urbe

Roy B. Budge

Benjamin H. Pine

James H. Hood

W. L. Lock





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Sigma Nu

Beta Upsilon Chapter.

Established 1895.

1907

M. Goodman

F. H. Cash, Jr.

S. H. Garvin, Jr.

B. H. Bard

1908

W. L. Beauchamp

J. H. Johnston

J. E. Phillips

W. H. Roane, Jr.

R. W. Johnston

W. C. Knopf

C. O. Hamilton

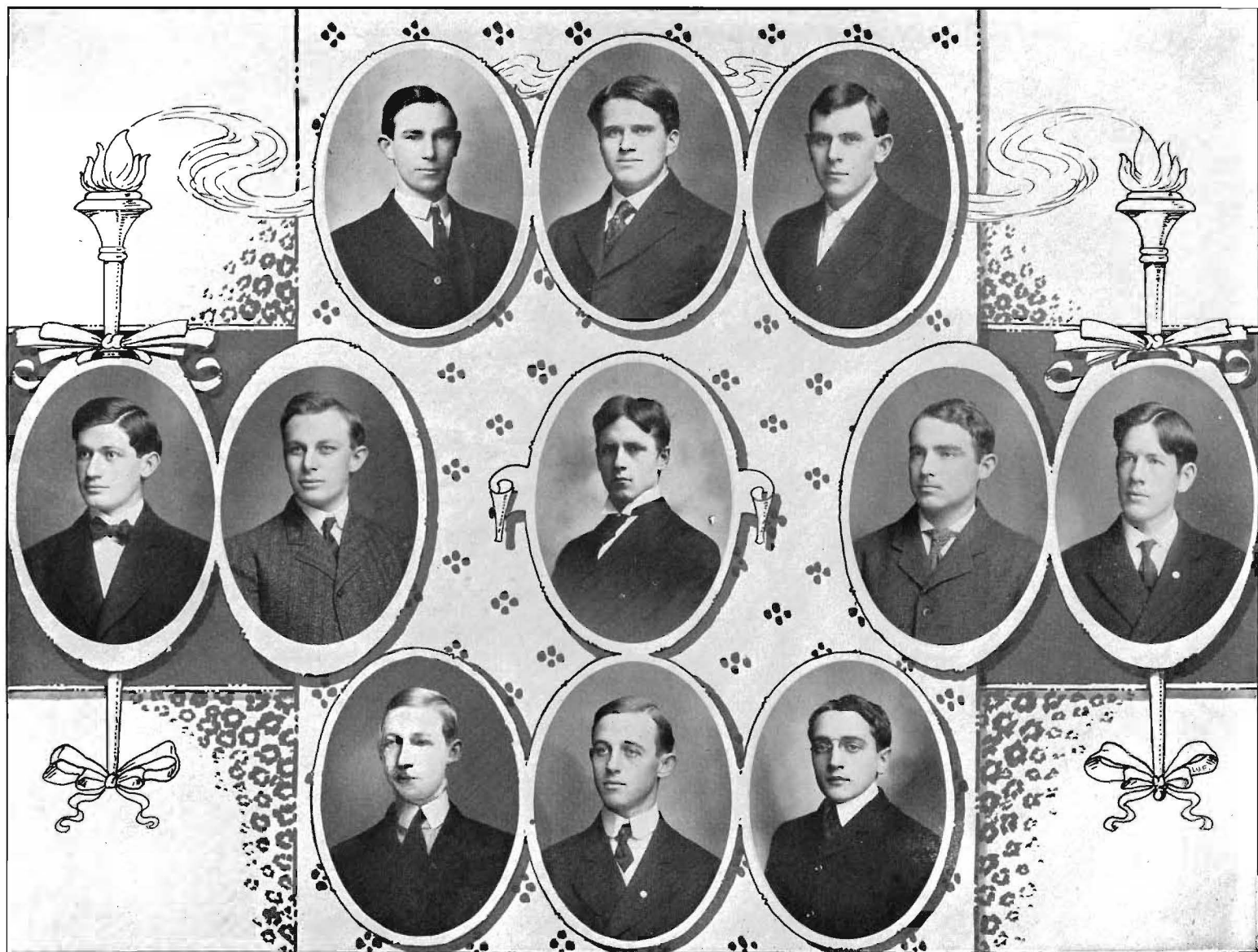
1909

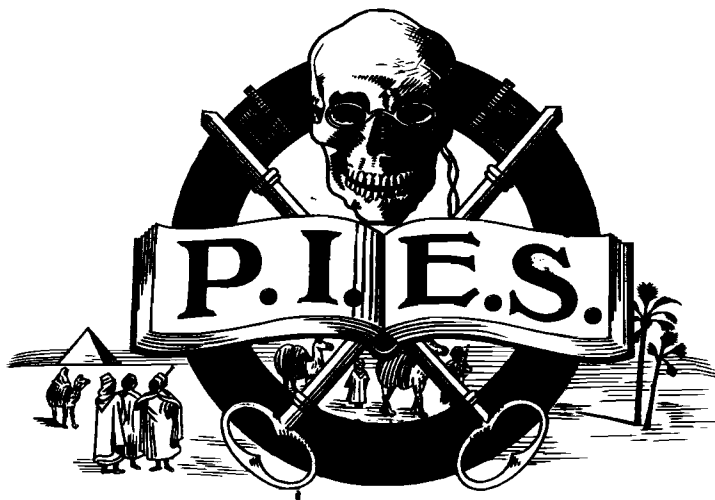
W. H. Brannon

Fratres in Urbe

Clifton Brannon

J. R. Riggs





P. I. E. S.

Founded 1900.

W. R. Peck, 06

H. I. Wilms, 06

E. S. Butler, 06

H. H. Orr, 07

E. P. Wickersham, 07

W. W. Kelley, 07

F. B. Glover, 08

O. L. Stock, 08

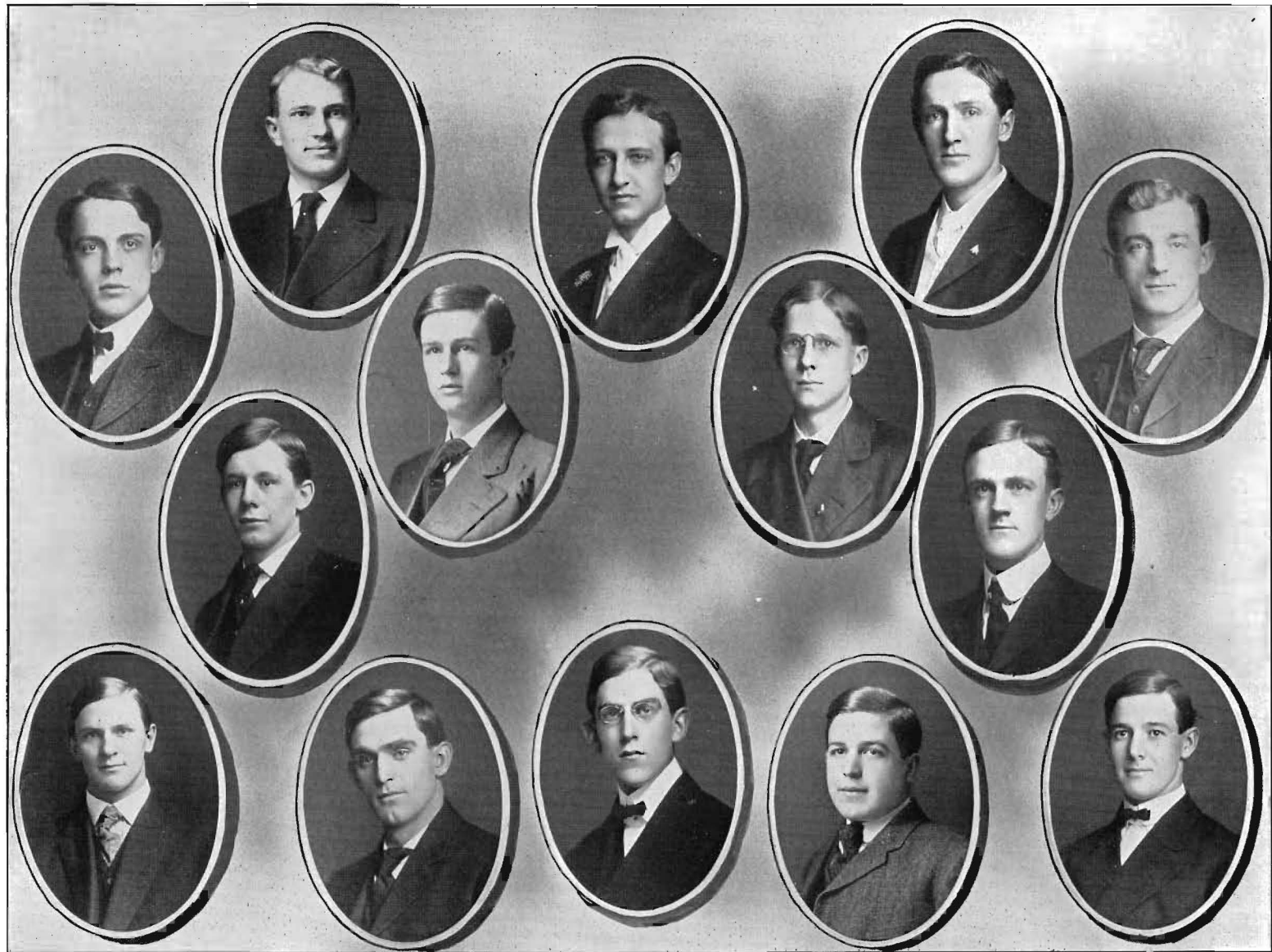
F. P. Mooney, 08

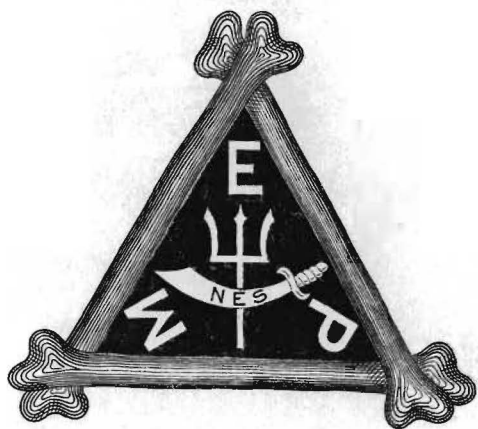
J. N. Johnson, 09

I. R. Ralston, 09

J. R. Shepherd, 09

W. E. Bock, 09



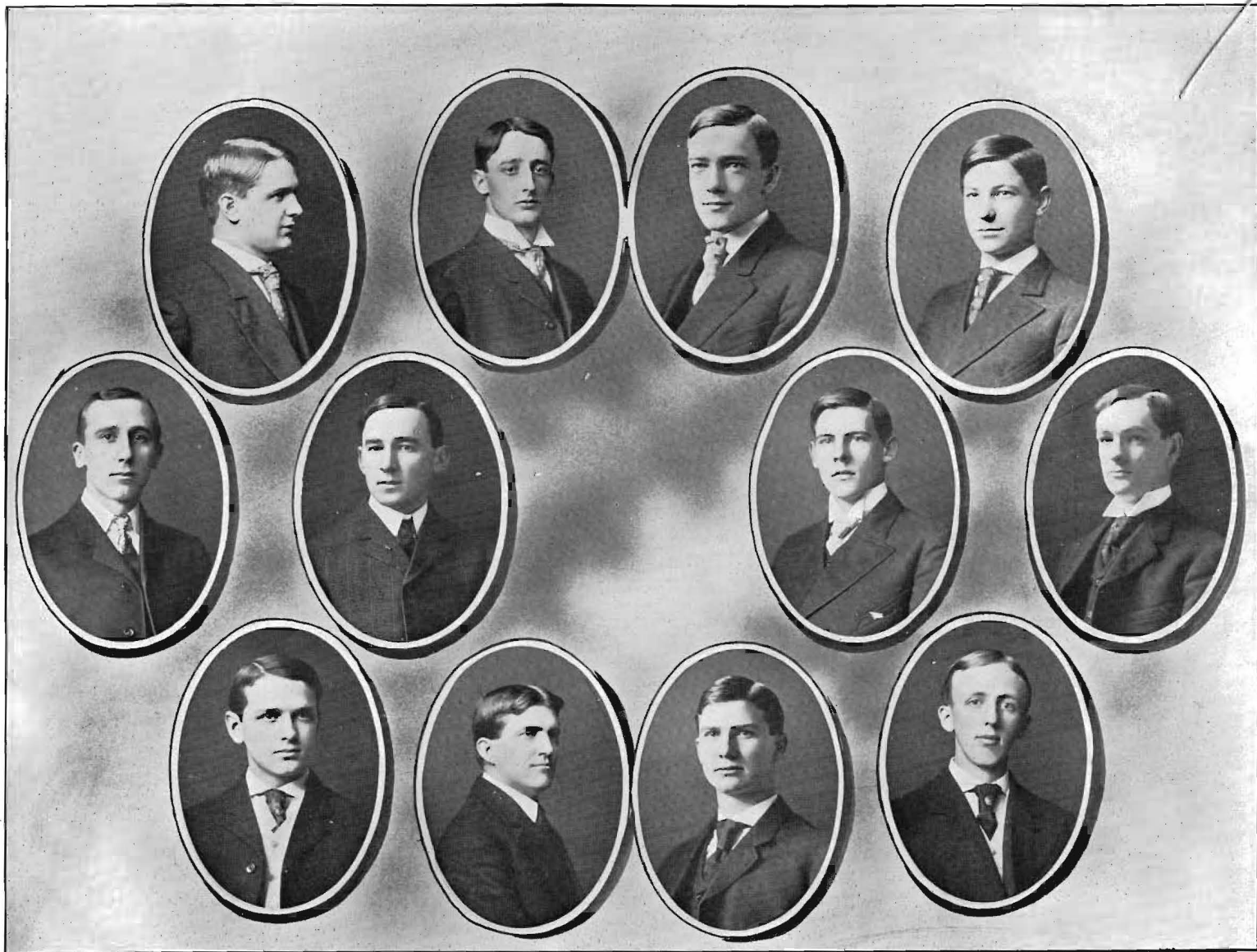


M. E. P.

Founded 1904.

Harry D. Baylor Illinois
Edward M. Brennan Indiana
Harry R. Canfield Indiana
Emil J. Fischer Ohio
E. Bradford Hunley Indiana
Addison W. Lee Kentucky
Geo. T. McCormick Indiana

James R. Stalker Indiana
Howard Taylor Kansas
G. W. Trenary Illinois
Paul E. Turk California
Carl Wischmeyer Kentucky
Henry W. Wischmeyer Kentucky
Arthur W. Worthington Ohio



V. Q. V.

Founded 1905.

FLOWER—VIOLET. COLORS—VIOLET AND WHITE.

1906

E. P. Lee

J. M. Johnson

1907

C. W. Post

1908

R. F. Nourse

P. Lindeman

C. N. Lammers

B. L. Kelso

R. H. Jackson

J. J. Gibbons

1909

H. C. Thomas

C. W. Piper

R. L. Smith

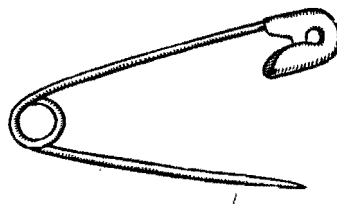
Pledges

Roy F. Tyler, 09

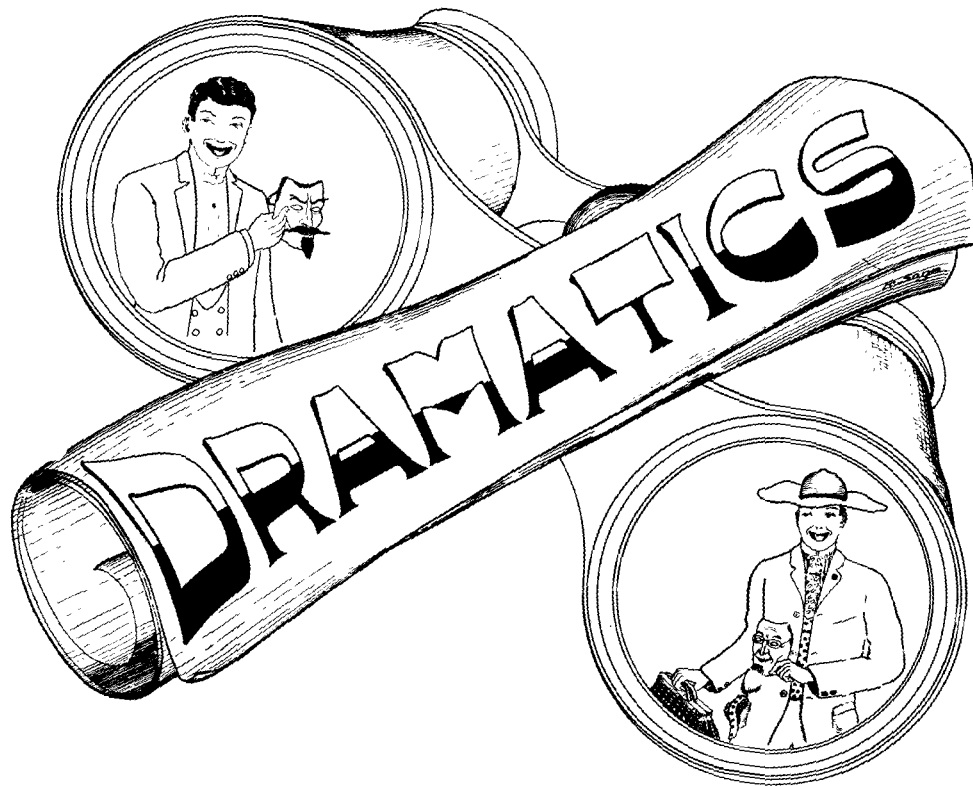
Herbert P. Piggott, 09



*I asked her to marry me,
"Go see papa," she said.
Now she knew that I knew
that "papa" was dead,
And she knew that I knew
the life that he led,
So she knew that I knew
what she meant when she said,—
"Go see papa!"*



Found in the Library







Mama and Red Riding Hood
Sis Hopkins

Eandits
Turkish-Moorish-Mexican

Bluebell and Buttercup

Grandma

RED RIDING HOOD.

C. B. ANDREWS.

In the fall of 1904, after the excitements of the pipe rush and Hallowe'en had quieted, the restless souls in the Glee Club began to look for some devilment in which they could indulge without rendering themselves liable to arrest, and pitched upon burlesquing the affecting little story of Red Riding Hood on the stage. This plan alone was sufficient cause for their being put in the calaboose, but somehow they escaped, and R. R. Hood was accordingly burlesqued.

Red Riding Hood's own author would not have recognized the child of his brain as it was presented to the students and friends of Rose Poly on the evening of December 16, 1904. Characters from the mythical folk of childhood were given places in the story, entirely regardless of pedigree, and the heroine passed through thrilling adventures as modern in their conception as those that are woven into the plot of the latest yellow-covered novel. We find the cast to have been as follows:

Little Red Riding Hood	Heick, '05
Mama	Blanchard, '05
Grandma	Shryer, '05
Wolf	Post, '03
Bluebell	Lewis, '05
Buttercup	Canfield, '06
Sis Hopkins	Shickel, '07
Robin	Kahlert, '06
Woodman	Fischer, '08
Juggler and Supe	Hanley, '05
Little Elsie	Knopf, '08
Buster Brown	McCormick, '07
Turkish Bandit	Andrews, '08
Mexican Bandit	Kahlert, '06
Moorish Bandit	Post, '07
Rose, a Consoler	Lammers, '08
Donald, another Consoler	Douthett, '08
Farmer John	White, '06
Messenger Boy	Reynolds, '05
Lord Fauntleroy	Garvin, '07

The curtain rose, or more correctly, moved aside, revealing the motley assortment of R. R. H.'s friends on the stage, who soon left it, ostensibly to enjoy a picnic with Robin, who entered from the side to invite them and emphasized his invitation with the strong hand and when necessary with the yet stronger foot. Mama forthwith appeared and tidied up the house;—the children had left it in a somewhat disordered condition. Miss R. Riding Hood entered as noiselessly as a six-foot four, fair though frail damsel with a football could be expected to do, and then things began to happen. Mama loaded her little loveling with a basket of goodies for grandma, enough miscellaneous groceries going into it to stock an average country store in good style. “Now don’t play on the way, Darling, and (smack, smack) goodbye.” She is off.

In the second act, Miss Red R. Hood was discovered in the woods in the midst of a grove of sunflowers who sang and made faces. Three bandits, (evil genii in league with the wolf, no doubt) appeared from nowhere in particular, flourished their swords and gracefully disappeared. At least this is what they were supposed to do, but the shape of one of the swords was quite inconsistent with vigorous flourishing and flew like a boomerang into the orchestra pit, whence it was ignominiously dragged and banished from the premises. Buttercup and Bluebell, flowers possessing a remarkable dancing ability, sang songs and danced dances. Little Elsie butted in at about this point, and sang, but being quite unaccustomed to feminine wearing apparel, thought it inexpedient to dance. The time having arrived for the Wolf to appear, he accordingly did so, and the act closed with an imitation hare-and-hounds race about the stage, he and R. R. H. being the principals.

Act 3 revealed the sweet-faced grandmother diligently engaged in work at her spinning wheel. The Old Homestead Quartette, who had probably been prowling about Grandmama’s larder, and were feeling in a good humor, appeared; and sang for her delectation, retiring in time to let the Wolf have a clear field of operations. Violently surprised at sight of Wolf, Grandma made a hasty exit, accompanied by an unpremeditated fall caused by tripping on her hoopskirts. The action here followed the original story with great truthfulness for a few measures, that is, until the Wolf was supposed to die; but at this point the Woodman appeared with a large sized cannon with which he killed him, apparently with the said Wolf’s entire acquiescence.

In Act 4 the job-lot assortment of children was again in evidence and upon hearing of the supposed death of Red Riding Hood, wailed with diligence. The Supe, being unaffected, lightened the gloom by tricks of juggling, and Sis Hopkins and Buster Brown sang irrelevant songs, but the thought of their loss caused them to break out anew into lamentation. Red Riding Hood was finally brought in by the Woodman to the great delight of everyone.

The Rose Polytechnic Orchestra added materially to the pleasure of the evening. They rendered the following program :

1. Overture—Storks. (Selection) *Chapin*
2. a. La Teracita *Borsey*
b. Karama. (A Japo Rhapsody) *Urey*
3. a. Zallah. (Egyptian Intermezzo) *Lorraine*
b. Iolanthe *Powell*
4. Symphonic Poem *Herr von Teufelstück*
a. Introductione. Kisoluto e con Moto Furioso
b. Andante. Sic semper e Quizzicatus Roseola
c. Vivace a la Polytechnique.

Herr von Teufelstück, the composer of the Symphonic Poem, was present in person—or rather, in the person of H. M. Shickel—to direct the rendition of his startling composition. His efforts received the prolonged applause of the audience.

A matinee performance was given on the following afternoon.

The Executive Staff of the Glee Club was as follows :

William Reed Heick	Press and Costumes
Frederick Bradley Lewis	Stage
Herbert Eveleigh Shryer	Programs
Ralph Carpenter Blanchard	Finance
Harry Meredith Shickel	Music

The following “Comments” are gleaned from the souvenir program :—

Mustard oil or any iso-sulpho-cyanide barred as a missile unless purchased C. P.

We are indebted to C. B. Andrews for instructing Daddy Wires in the art of 12-inch gun casting.

The weapons used in the production are hollow ground, keen as the Doctor's wit.

In the second movement of the symphonic poem the orchestra is on a still hunt for The Lost Chord. Any one in the Audience finding it will confer a favor by returning it to the Herr von Teufelstück.





H. M. S. PINAFORE.

C. B. ANDREWS.

Memories of Red Riding Hood with its inspiration of strange costumes and the charm of footlights, lingered long with some of those actively concerned in it, and when in May, 1905, it was proposed that the Glee club undertake to present Gilbert & Sullivan's popular comic opera, "Pinafore," the plan found ready support although the project was not definitely decided upon. Some of the principal parts of the cast were assigned at that time, and during the summer the assignees looked over their prospective work occasionally and then proceeded to the nearest theatre in search of inspiration.

The matter had apparently died before the fall of '05, but on December the 20th the Glee club journeyed to Robinson, Ill., to fill a concert engagement, returning the next day over the C. V. & C. line of pleasant memory. Near Oliver—at least Oliver was the name of the station sign, but where the town of Oliver was, could not be easily learned—the train stopped for a half hour or more while the engineer repaired the brake air-pump. Some one mentioned "Pinafore" and a business meeting was held then and there, at which the club decided by a unanimous vote, to undertake its production.

The first rehearsal was held on January 30th, and from that time until the final rehearsal on the forenoon of April 20th, they were held very regularly. The experiences gained were many and varied. Eighteen handsome youths learned to take mincing steps, to smile ravishingly when they were tired and hoarse, and to play at coquetry behind a fan, which served alternately as an enhancement of their beauties and an instrument of repulsion. Nineteen other youths none the less handsome, learned (?) to pretend to be very busy polishing brass railings, splicing ropes and reeving hal-yards. A half dozen of the diligent under the direction of R. M. Stubbs, Master of Arts, learned to paint flat canvas to represent anything that mankind ever saw or dreamed, and if necessary, some things not thus included. Sir Joseph learned to change from the dignified to the ridiculous and back again with a facility which would make a chameleon permanently green with envy; Josephine learned feminine tricks and ways galore, until the onlookers said, "No, no, you can't fool us, that's no boy," and our own Billy, as Ralph the sentimental, learned to attempt suicide, using as a weapon by turns a chair rung, a fan, a roll of paper and a toothpick, with as tragic an air as if it was a given reality; he learned to know the short-arm clinch round the waist, and he learned to kiss Josephine squarely on the lips with a smack warranted to be heard two hundred and fifty feet.

As a chronicle of events, this account is intended to be true. Our performance was billed for the evening of April 20th and on the forenoon of that day we repaired to the Grand Opera House and held a stage rehearsal that was unique for its badness. The chorus dragged, the principals were tired and the dances went all wrong. That evening it was different.

The audience was kind. They applauded the sailors, enthused over the girls, went into raptures over Josephine, sympathized with Ralph and laughed at Sir Joseph just as it was intended that they should. They said that the scenery was fine and the acting good, the music brisk and the interest well sustained. For the compliments, many thanks. From the stage the spectacle was very pleasing. Out in the twilight of the auditorium was a sea of faces, packed closely without gaps. Fair femininity blossomed at the edge of the balcony; in a box at the left we found Professor Hathaway wearing a smile that wouldn't come off (we wonder whether he still thinks the "step" a good analogue for use in Quaternions after seeing the hornpipe we danced). Professor Johonnot's genial face was seen in momentary glances, beaming out of the gloom, and our companionable Mr. Bennett was down near the front somewhere, surrounded by ladies, as was fitting. It was perhaps fortunate that Dr. Mees's seat was rather far back; had his eagle eye caught the attention of some of our brave or fair during the dances, who knows what memories of the green carpet upon which they had so often performed might have been aroused, bringing disaster in their train?

Remarks upon the acting are hardly in place from a member of the company, but the principals should not go unmentioned. The star of the performance was undoubtedly Harry R. Canfield as Josephine. His carriage and gestures were faultless, he was as graceful as any girl could have been, and in minor details his acting showed the result of a careful study of the part. Dick Benbridge as Buttercup was probably a surprise to all, including those who were on the stage. His acting was animated, heartily entered into and original. As a comedienne he was a decided success, bringing forth laughter at pleasure. As Sir Joseph, E. D. Kahlert found many opportunities which he improved to the utmost.

Emil Fischer carried the part of the captain with effectiveness, looking every inch an officer. "Billy" Knopf had one of the hard parts and succeeded in it very well. Knowles White as Cousin Hebe and Harry Shickel as Dick Dead-eye are both deserving of special mention.

At the end of the play the word "ROSE" in electric letters was displayed for an instant just before the curtain went down, and our comrades, scattered all over the house with a good representation on the front row, applauded nobly. The thing was done. A tired but satisfied band of amateur actors emerged from the stage entrance shortly afterward and went their various ways.

On the next day the town of Marshall, Ill., was favored with our presence. The performance went off smoothly, and was appreciated by a good audience. One of the pleasures of the day was due to the presence of several enthusiastic friends of Rose from Robinson, who came to Marshall especially to see "the boys play at girls." On the Monday following we swooped down upon the neat little city of Paris, Ill., which was traversed without delay by couples of the troupe in rigs of various kinds. An enthusiastic audience was present in the evening, and former triumphs were repeated. By the courtesy of the Elks a dance was indulged in later in the evening. An enforced wait at the depot of about three

hours developed a surprising quantity and quality of vaudeville talent among those present, and it is unlikely that anyone went to sleep or even had inclination thereto, until a combination of circumstances made it seem expedient to quiet down. The first act of the play was repeated in Terre Haute at a combination performance on the following Thursday for the benefit of the San Francisco relief fund.

The program bore the names of the following persons as performers.

Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. First Lord of the Admiralty	Ernest D. Kahlert, '06
Captain Corcoran, commanding H. M. S. Pinafore	Emil J. Fischer, '08
Ralph Rackstraw, sentimental sailor	Wm. C. Knopf, '08
Dick Deadeye, able seaman	Harry M. Shickel, '07
Boatswain, a lively tar	Carl B. Andrews, '08
Boatswain's mate, another	Richard L. Smith, '09
Midshipmite, a promising sailor	Warren Hussey, Jr., '20
Josephine, the captain's daughter	Harry R. Canfield, '06
Little Buttercup, the bumboat woman	Richard N. Benbridge, '06
Cousin Hebe, who favors Sir Joseph	Knowles D. White, '06
Aunt, who keeps an eye on the boatswain	H. John Wilms, '06

SIR JOSEPH'S SISTERS AND COUSINS:

E. Bradford Hunley, '08
Berrien M. Lindsley, '08
Guy V. Woody, '09
H. Wayne Curry, '09
Morris Meyers, '07

Bert B. King, '09
George W. Dodge, '08
Carroll H. Seldonridge, '08
S. Eugene Mitchell, '08

Harvey E. Rogers, '06
Herbert C. Thomas, '09
Harold S. Austin, '07
Augustin Zambrano, '08
Wallace P. Andrick, '07

CREW OF H. M. S. PINAFORE

H. Earl Schmidt, '08
A. Stanley Adams, '08
Chas. C. Modesitt, '06
Dwight Wardin, '09
J. F. Robbins, '08

Chas. N. Lammers, '08
Robert J. Wickersham, '09
Roy F. Tyler, '09
Geo. W. Trenary, '09

Claude L. Douthett, '08
Ross M. Stubbs, '08
Clifford W. Post, '07
J. Kline Tuthill, '09
Carl W. Piper, '09

MANAGERIAL STAFF

General Manager	Carl B. Andrews, '08
Advertising	Ernest D. Kahlert, '09
Costumes	Harry R. Canfield, '06
Music	Harry M. Shickel, '07
Dances	Prof. Oskar Duenweg
Director	Mrs. Allyn Adams
Pianist	Mrs. Nellie D. Cunningham



MIDDY.

R. L. McCormick,
Civil Engineer.

C. L. Post,
Assistant Civil Engineer.

Marshall and Adenmoor Railway

Located by Rose "1907" and "1908"

E. G. ALBIN
L. BOGRAN
F. H. CASH, JR.
H. L. DAVIES
S. H. GARVIN, JR.
G. E. HENIKEN
W. W. KELLY
W. R. PLEW
E. C. READ
C. C. SCHARPENBERG
J. M. SNEAD
Engineers.

C. B. ANDREWS
J. W. BOASE
J. E. BERNHARDT
C. L. DOUTHETT
A. S. HATHAWAY
E. B. HUNLEY
R. L. JACKSON
B. L. KELSO
F. LINDEMAN
O. L. STOCK
R. M. STUBBS
Assistants.

Marshall, Illinois, June 22, 1906.

Dear Steve:

It is all over now. Everything packed and ready for the home train and while we are waiting I will tell you something of what you missed. Its really too bad you couldn't stay with us.

The beginning was before Commencement--that is on Wed., June 7th, preceding Commencement the party in charge of Mr. Post '03, and Prof. R. L. McCormick took the Vandalia for Adenmoor, Ill., a flag station five miles west of Marshall. From Adenmoor we walked back to Marshall along the old National road while the Professor introduced us to the country through which we were to run the proposed line. However, we were not very much impressed--feeling sure that we would become well acquainted with the hills, roads, streams, etc., if we had to work there two weeks and that any special effort that day would be "Love's Labor Lost" in spite of the Professor's insistent warning that we would later require the information. Of course he was right; however, that was our first day out and we wanted to enjoy it.

We ate our lunches along the road and arrived at Marshall about 2 p. m. and then struck out on a search for rooms and board. Easy job? Well, hardly. You remember the Freshmen holding their midnight banquet here one April night and the little argument and foot race we had with some of them on one of the streets? Well, these peaceful people still

remembered that event and the private residences were decidedly cool about renting us rooms or board. The Mayor gave a list of houses desiring boarders and roomers to a couple of the fellows and added that at one of these places there were a couple of lovely girls. The boys hiked down there in a hurry, thinking what a cinch they had struck. They knocked and an elderly lady came to the door, opening it just enough to peep through. "Does Mr. --- live here?" "Yes." And the door came open a little more. "We were just informed by the Mayor that you desire boarders and roomers." "Why, yes; I have some rooms for rent--" "We are with the surveying party of students from the Rose Poly--" "Don't want you!" Bang! And the fellows were staring at the closed door. But in spite of these suspicious people we were all located before time to return on the evening train. Eight went to the St. James Hotel and the rest found rooms in private rooming houses.

We came over with the instruments on Friday and the camp work began at once. Transit, level and traverse parties were started, while one party went uptown to open up the "office". Two level parties were run, one checking the other every few hundred feet.

About a half-mile west of Marshall station the Vandalia railroad curves toward the north and 4 1-2 miles further, at West Mill Creek bridge, it curves back toward the south. The preliminary line was run by continuing the tangents of these curves from each end to their point of intersection about three miles west of Marshall.

The country along the line is rough, being broken with hills, ravines, bluffs and low creek bottoms, the greatest difference of elevation on profile being about 7 feet. The line ran through only a few acres in cultivation--most of the country along the lines being either in woods or too poor for tillage.

Traverse surveys were made of the surrounding country and topography taken with levels, hand levels, transit and stadia for from 300 to 600 feet on each side of the line. Most of the topography was platted in the field on cross section paper. At Camp headquarters,

which were in Marshall, one or two Sophomores were kept in the office each day and notes kept up, so that the evening office work took but little time.

In the evening the boys usually gathered at the St. James Hotel and spent the time at cards and in writing letters on the stationery of the "Marshall and Adenmoor Ry." We had to report at the office each morning at 7 to get the instruments and start to work. Quitting time was variable--the "working hours" decreasing with the distance from town --the aim being to arrive at the office by 6 o'clock. It was queer how the work affected the Freshmen. They were often tired in the morning and quite gay in the evening. Some of them would hardly be able to drag themselves to work, but with some care they could always manage to get a good rest in the field and, feeling quite refreshed, we could hardly keep up with them when they started into town for supper.

There was only one passable swimming hole on the route and a few of us had the pleasure (?) of trying its muddy waters. How delightful it is to loll around in a muddy pool for an hour and then on coming out to dress to receive a couple of nice soft mud balls in the middle of your back as a gentle invite to come in again. And when you stroll into the office half an hour late you feel quite grateful for the compliment (?) on your zeal in working so late.

The weather was clear and usually hot, with the exception of one day, and we appreciated the long tramp in that "soaker" in a country where the dust was plentiful and bath tubs were a luxury possessed by few. The Professor had sent out a hack for us that day but only those the farthest out took the ride. The good weather enabled us to carry through the work and get through yesterday afternoon.

Last evening, when the final instructions for the return had been given, one of the Sophomores, in behalf of the '07 Civils, presented Prof. McCormick a 300-foot nickel-plated tape and reel as a token of appreciation and esteem. To this the class added "nine rahs for Mac" and waited for his answer. The surprise was complete and it was some time

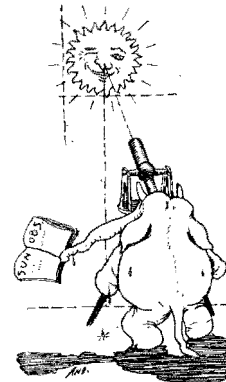
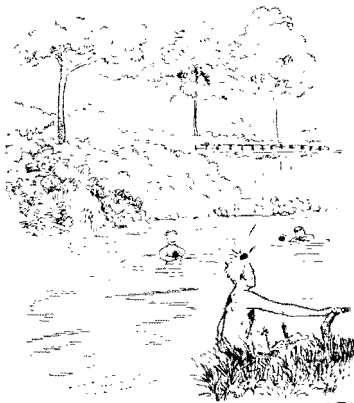
before he could reply and even then his actions seemed to express his feelings better than his words, which did not come with their usual readiness.

There was something doing last night, for, in some mysterious way, the letters, ROSE CIVILS, 1907-1908, loomed up plainly in white on the big water tank back of the St. James Hotel. The whole town could see and read it for some distance and the people seemed to consider it a good joke. His Honor, the Mayor, informed us that the tank was to be repainted in a few days and this probably explained the good humor of the people. This morning we had a ball game. We made up a good team from the fellows and played the Marshall team. Our fellows were more familiar with the game from the bleachers than upon the diamond and they failed to run up the score very well. Our small bunch of rooters was well organized and gave a strong support to the team--but it was no good for we got it in the neck, 7 to 1.

Well, it is time to break away for the train and this ends the tale of a camp. We are glad it is over and are anxious to get home, but we are all glad we have been here and regret that you could not enjoy it with us.

Sincerely,

A. CIVIL.



WHAT THE ELEPHANT SAYS

I had been hazed. The fellows had done it up brown, and had given me a run for my money as well as one for my very life before they had caught me. What stunts I did. I cannot recall but we wound up at Collett Park and I was wound up in a sheet and several rods of pretty strong cord, and left to my meditations and fatigue. I tried hard enough to squirm out of the bondage imposed by my tormentors and the clothesline, but the work had been well done. I was fast, and fast fast. I heard a step on the walk and immediately grew quiet thinking that it was one of the gang who had come back, attracted by my struggles.

"Well here's a go:" I heard, and upon look phant gazing at me out of his beady little eyes. whole thing was imposed so suddenly and was a ing. "Let me see" went on the voice, "you look watch fob. Well, the boys from the Tech have about all the fun I've ever seen in this part of Salem, Ohio, where I was put out to cool. My elephant, did you?" he chuckled at his own joke, "Well I was one. There was a great noise all around me, and I was in a great herd of my fellows. I guess they felt pretty much as I did, they looked it anyhow. Well we had a coat of paint put on us and then were given a bracer or two, Oh just these pieces of two by scantling," he interjected as I looked sharply at him, "and some more paint was added to my saddle and I was sent here to this town and was tied out just across the street back of where that little store stands now. For a long time I wondered why this should be; and probably would never have found out had not some children who were just learning



ing around I was amazed to see the Poly ele- Now I was not frightened in the least but the bit uncanny to say the least; so I answered noth- like a friend of mine; I know you are by that treated me mighty swell, and have showed me the state. The first I remember was over here in but I was a red hot fellow, you never saw a red and dug me in the ribs with his elongated nose.

to read spelled out what was on my saddle (?) P-i-c-k c-l-o-t-h-i-n-g a-t P-i-x-l-e-y-'s. I didn't care much about that, but I was glad to know that I was of some use. A long time I stood there; just doing nothing but tell people to "Pick clothing at Pixley's." I was not lonely except at nights and even then, especially in the summer time there was likely to be someone in my vicinity, and in the stillness I could hear low crooning voices even so far as the northmost settee; this great ear of mine caught some phrases not meant for more than a pair of hearers. Two is company, three is a crowd applies as well to ears as to humans, I guess," and my entertainer smiled facetiously. "Anyhow, I'll wager that what was said wouldn't have been said in a crowd.



I remember having seen several faces out there that I've seen down at the Institute," he continued. "There was a little short fellow who smoked a great deal. I'd think that he'd be nervous from it. I saw his hand shaking once

when he was lighting his smoke stick, the match nearly went out he shook it so hard. Then there was a man, who looked as if he'd been raised on horse back, and who walked as if it was an unusual thing for him to be afoot. When I was up on the bleachers so long he used to come wearily across the campus after everybody else had gone in. Once I heard him mutter, 'It's eight minutes after; I wonder if those fellows won't cut', I guess they did, for all the next hour, I watched a ball game. Well, to go back to where I went off on this tangent, one night about this time (in the morning), a bunch of fellows whose voices I remembered, I didn't remember their faces because they had been among my nocturnal companions, came up to me and began to dig. Soon I felt myself toppling, but strong hands caught me and began to bear me away. I was glad for any change, so did not resist as I might have done. I was carried through dark alleys and fastened to a short very high wire fence. I was repainted and little squares were made on my saddle flap. In a few days I saw a great crowd gathering in front of me, and pretty soon I began to feel a hard round thing hitting me in the ribs. It didn't hurt much, but left its print all over my body. Every once in awhile some fellow with a tin can and a brush would mark something in the little squares and sometimes the crowd would shout and hurrah. I felt very proud to be where I was, for everybody looked at me. Suddenly somebody yelled, 'Now what does the Elephant say?' and that question has been a by word ever since. After one or two times when I saw such doings, there seemed to be some trouble about me, and I was brought back here, and began to look for my friends again. I was not left long, however for one afternoon a new strange gang came after me and carried me to another big brick building, and with long ropes hoisted me high in the air to a perch near an upstairs window. My, but there was doings that evening. School was soon out, and everybody got out in front, and just stared at me while the kodak man got busy. Then speeches were made, and cheers given. That night my new friends seemed to be afraid that I would get away for I could hear them talking inside the school, and one of them said, 'Well, there's only that gym window that they can get in at all, and the fellows outside will guard that. Besides if they do get in they'll have to fight the fellows on each floor so they'd as well not try it. Till early morning knots of men came and stood below looking up at me, and from their voices I knew some of them to be my first kidnapers. When morning came I was lowered to earth and a third time placed in the lot across there. By this time I was pretty well battered up, but still in the game.

"Well, I guess you are!" Just then another voice chimed in, "What's this we have?" and I was surprised to see another of the great pachyderms near me.

"Hello Jumb!" said my story teller, "here you are; How goes it? Been out long?"

"No, just came away!" answered the late comer as they shook trunks. "What are you doing?" he inquired.

"Just entertaining this Freshman to make the time pass easily for him. Now I'm going to turn him over to you. I've got to hustle back to the gym or I won't be there when the rooster crows," and he limped away.

My new friend Jumb didn't waste any words and immediately began,—“Tell you about myself? I guess I will. For it's proud that that I am to be what I am.”

This sounded a bit Irish, and for a minute I had to stop to think whether the good saint allowed elephants to inhabit the Emerald Isle, since he had driven out the frogs and snakes. But perhaps Jumb got his touch of the Kingdom from the personal contact with a clansman or two of Old Erin, who had served on the House committee of appropriations.

"I am of the same herd that Tony (the other elephant) is," said Jumb, "and we came to Terre Haute together; but I was put out on the Fort Harrison Road, where I browsed and watched the people until I was taken by your schoolmates,—at least you weren't with them were you? I won't tell," he added as I naturally hesitated, not wishing to own my lack of connection in the abduction. "Well, anyhow, I was put up on the bleachers, and Tony was given a stall under the grand stand. There we stayed, and I held the score for many Poly victories, and some losing scores were put on me too, for I didn't expect to carry them all with Poly to the good. I might say just here that Tony was never used after I came to the campus. His trunk is broken and he has a leg or two that he sometimes carries in a sling. I stood through the spring of '04, through the summer and on until more than a year had passed. Of this more than a twelve month, one night stands out ahead of all the others. That one was the night of March 15, 1905. Somebody, the Saints preserve their Souls! gave me a badly needed coat of paint; of green paint as bright as the freshening grass around the diamond. I don't remember names well, but a couple of seniors were very indignant at noon of the sixteenth when they took some of the shop waste and rubbed great splotches of red pigment, that had not had time to dry, from my new garb. During the process the compliments handed to the Amsterdam and Rotterdam and other Dragons was not very polite. But neither was the red paint. I shone in my place with "Erin go Bragh" under me for a couple of months when I was taken down between two days and lodged in a saloon by a gang of loafers. This created consternation, and for several days Poly was agog speculating upon my whereabouts. This speaks well for the morals of the Tech students, because if any of them had been in the habit of frequenting the saloons, he couldn't help seeing me. They're a fair sort of fellows, the Polys are. Well, I was finally found and taken to the gym and locked up. That's where I met Tony. The next time I went forth it was to the Normal play-ground, Parson's Field. Normal and R. P. were to play ball that afternoon and I was to see it. I only got to see a little of the game from the inside of the fence, for their coach was afraid of me and he had a big cop to order me thrown over the fence. I hurt my back in the fall, but I got to see the game alright, for ropes were gotten, and I was hauled up into a tree on the outside. Well of course this time I carried Poly's score on top, and when the game was over, a wilder set of fellows you never saw. They shouted and yelled, and to cap the event, a car was chartered and I was tied on in front and with the whole crowd cheering at every turn of a wheel and with a bunch of hay in my trunk, the Poly colors on my tusk, we rode through town. I was taken out to school and adorned the front of the building over Sunday like Tony did; the Normal and on Monday was put in the museum, hay, colors, score and all. I get out once in a while and love to revive old memories by going over ground I've seen, but I love best to hear the boys tell about what they've seen and done. My I believe its growing light; I've got to get out of this. So long: can't wait for you to get clear loose," and he shambled off. He had, while talking, been trying my bands, and had all but got me loose. As it was I felt myself falling, and suddenly brought up by a firm hand.

"Look out pal, stand up" said a new voice, and I blinked into the park roundsman's dark lantern.

"Where are they?" I stammered.

"Oh it's been two hours since I heard you yelling over here," said he of the billie, helping me to get free from the Monday cord and slumber lining.

Fully awake now, I realized that we were talking upon different subjects and that his was the most reasonable; so I mumbled myself.

"But say!" I could not help asking, "I didn't for sure enough holler, did I?"

I don't believe I did.

"S" 07.



AN HISTORICAL NOTE.

„Börber find die Kinderspiele
Und alles rollt vorbei.“

While my purpose in writing this bit of history is but to rescue from oblivion the record of a most laudable undertaking, yet I confess that there steals over me a faint sense of fear of that power that dwells in majesty within the first room on the the left as you enter the main building. A space distance of near three thousand miles, and, what is insurmountable, a time distance, covered by the dead leaves of nearly twenty years, intervenes between me and the gold-rimmed spectacles of Dr. Mendenhall and yet I can still see them, as I more than once did see them, and there returns the old fear that I may be requested to-morrow to step into the President's room and explain. A record should be made, however, of the events of the Hallowe'en night when the class of '89, then engaged in conferring upon the title of Junior an added dignity, gave their attention to the Institute in a manner befitting the traditions of the night.

It is possible that some other member of the class, Don Roberts, for example, may think himself more competent to make this record. I will concede this in so far as literary embellishment may be considered, but history should be truth and when it comes to telling the truth the rest of the class have not had my experience. I can imagine when this is printed (I assume that the kindly editor will print it) it may make trouble. For instance Vic Hendricks may be asked by his oldest son, by the way very much like Vic around the eyes, "Father, what is this I find here? Can it be this refers to you in such an unseemly way?" And Vic, "It is very much distorted, my son. Now run and play." Hammond, too, might be troubled in the same manner had he ever screwed up enough courage to ask some girl to marry him.

I was at a party that night and innocent of any intention to do anything out of the ordinary, which means that my share of the devilry was to be found near where I lived. Neither do I know who originated the idea, but as many things came from the house where Vic Hendricks lived it is possible that the idea of distinguishing ourselves come from the fertile brain of the best pool shot in the class. Anyway, about ten o'clock or so, I was forcibly dragged away from the party and taken out to the Institute to listen to a lecture on Astronomy by Prof. Wickersham. Prof. Howe was to assist with the surveyors' instruments.

I may as well state that all of the class were not there. Will McKean had just thought of a gasoline motor car for railroad service and was at home working on it. Holding's mother, aware of his evil tendencies, had locked him in his room. Wiley's mother reported that his ordinary clothes were lying on the floor of his room and his best suit was absent, from which the rest can be inferred. No one knew where Jones was, in fact, no one ever did know much of Jones's whereabouts. It does not seem possible to me now that Gilbert could have been there. In fact, I must confess I do not remember.

However, I do remember that Hendricks led the crowd, which consisted of some servile Sophomores and a host of Freshmen. I asked Mr. Hendricks why the Freshmen had blackened faces and he said that when Prof. Howe was showing them the stars it was necessary to protect their young countenances from the light. It was only when I arrived at the

Institute that I learned that the visit was not in the interest of pure science. Neither Prof. Howe nor Prof. Wickersham was there. In fact, none of the professors were there, although Prof. Noyes sometimes stayed out at night to write out the name of one of his chemicals. I was told it was death to desert and so I was compelled to witness the misdoings of others. Rowley, the janitor, was away. He was just calculating on leaving for California and was making preparations. The only person in sight was the night watchman. Dr. Mendenhall had recently presented him with a treatise on "The Efficient Guarding of Property at Night," and he sat by a light in the shop reading it. Two Freshmen were left to see that nothing disturbed the watchman and then the work began.

In those golden days the Institute owned a large heavy express wagon and it was stored in a shed in front of which ran a spur track from the railroad. It is possible that our degenerate successors may have changed the arrangement, but in those times the wagon could only be taken from its shed by dragging it over the rails of the coal track. We lifted it over. Roberts—Hendricks—Hammond—Galloway: one man to a wheel. Some Sophomores and Freshmen carried the tongue. Over the cinder road and into the sod and then again in the air through the big gate where the spur comes in and out into what was a wide open common across the railroad tracks. Arriving there the noisy Freshmen began to debate as to what should be done when a man with a Gatling gun opened fire from a near-by barn. "Bring back my wagon, you scoundrels! Bring it back!" he yelled between shots and the Freshmen and Sophomores immediately assumed the defiant attitude taken by the square root of a minus "X" when confronted by Prof. Waldo. Roberts and I alone remained. I resent as an insult the imputation that we were frightened and could not run. Roberts will bear me out in this.

The man with the gun came up, and, finding that we did not have his lost wagon, told us he was going to turn us over to the police, but Roberts assured him that Dr. Mendenhall allowed us to play with the wagon after our hard studies of the day and so he went away. Then we drew the wagon back to the railroad where Hammond and Hendricks joined us. Roberts had pushed his pencil through his hat and the others marveled at his narrow escape from the pistol ball.

Now, in those ancient days there stood near the street, which led to the Institute, a coke oven. It was a round tower of brick, possibly twenty-five feet high and about that in diameter, if my memory serves. Its days of usefulness had departed long before until the mathematical bent of Hammond's mind led him to suggest it as a resting place for the wagon. It is gone from me now just how we got the wagon up. Hammond and I were upon the oven with Hendricks and Roberts below assisted by a few Sophs and Freshies and up the wagon came.

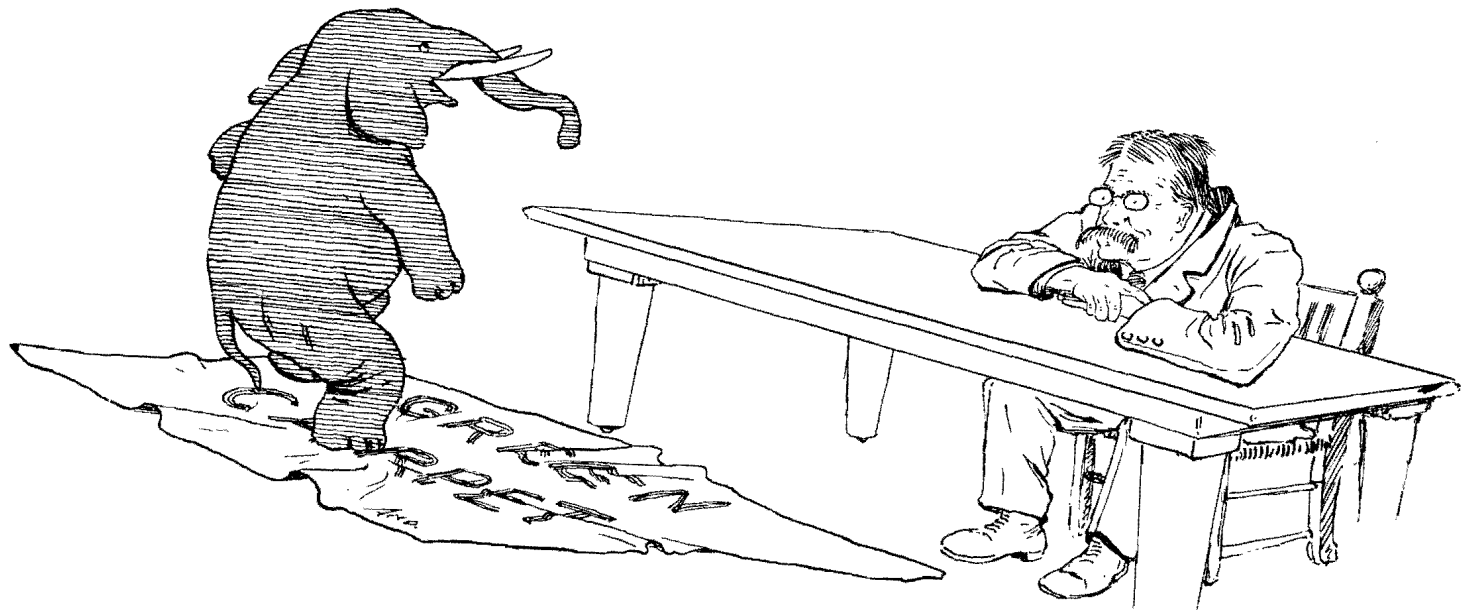
The watchman still read on when we returned and other inferior and not to be recorded deeds were done that night. Suffice to say that when the beams of the rising sun gilded the lofty domes of Terre Haute it shone with its rich and mellow light upon the Institute's express wagon with its wheels in the air reposing on the summit of that coke oven. Prof. Mees suggested that Prof. Ames go out and draw it down, that being in his line, but he of the "T" square and triangle declined with an acid smile. So it was left to Prof. Mees to summon the police and fire departments and they, with the help of the force from the near-by railroad, at last rescued the wagon from its undignified position and returned it to its shed.

Hendricks and I stood idly watching them from the library window and he remarked with the air of experience, "They should have allowed us to do that. We know how to handle that wagon."

An echo of the night's work returned the next year. A degenerate host of Juniors endeavored to equal the high mark set for them and failed. They tried the patience of Dr. Mendenhall beyond its elastic limit and an investigation was ordered. The first one asked into the room on the left was he who pens this tale. Looking me in the eye, he said in his severest tones, "Galloway, were you concerned in that mischief out here last night?" With all the dignity of a Senior came the answer, "I was not." "You were mixed up in that affair of last year, were you not?" "I was, sir." That will do, you may go," and I went.

J. D. G., '89.



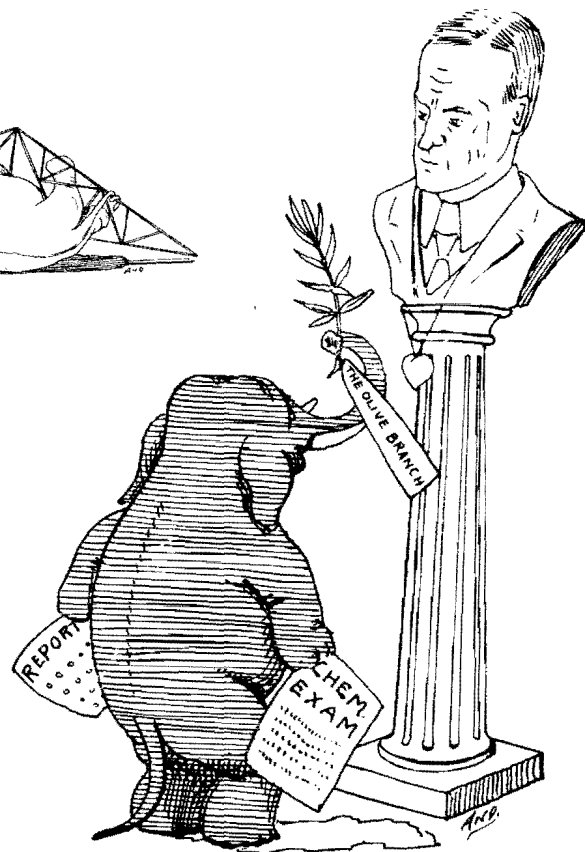
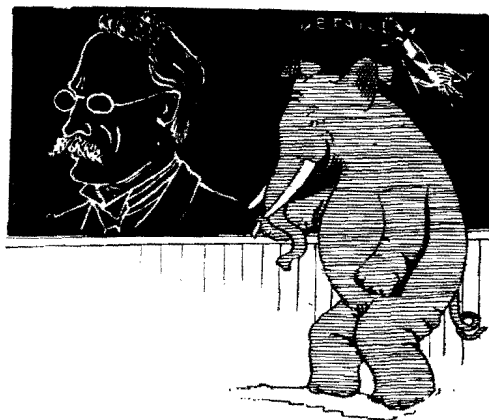
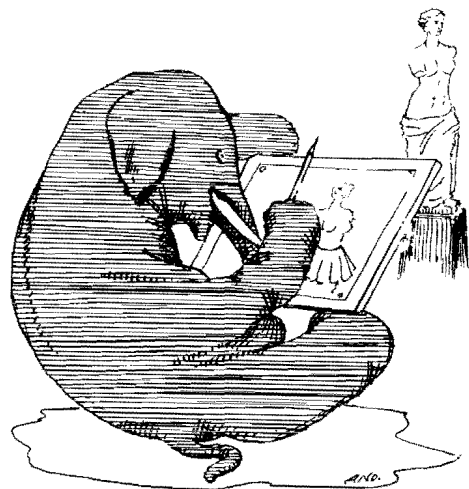
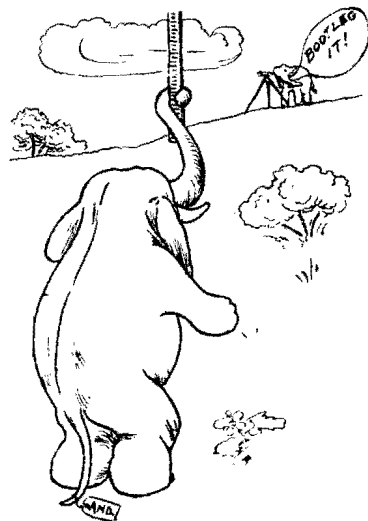
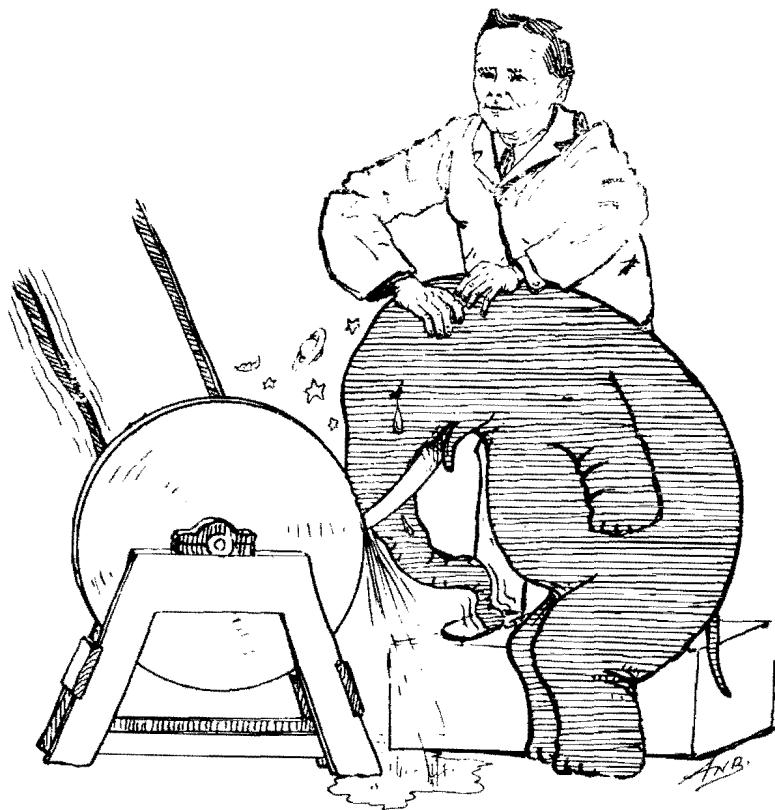


SIDE LIGHTS ON THE BIG GUNS

It would hardly be fair to our esteemed professors and instructors to complete a work of this kind with no further discussion of themselves than has appeared so far, so it is with joy that we seize the opportunity of recording some of the more important facts and fancies as they appear to us. Of course, the first one that falls under our observance is "Doc." It might be well to note here that there aren't many times when Doc falls, it's generally someone else that takes the tumbles when he is around, for even if he isn't very big, he has a big voice, and can generally make at least the Freshmen feel as if they would like to be home with mama when he opens up on them. Doc can generally be found butting around the halls, completely hidden behind his spectacles. Outside of the elephant and Harry, he is about as important a thing as we have at Rose. After long observations we are at the conclusion that he is trying to calm the Sophs when he is slipping along on his rubber heels, but it's two to one he makes more trouble than the Sophs ever dreamed of; however, it's unwise to say so, for he dislikes to be told the truth when it hurts, and at times becomes extremely dangerous.

The reason the poor elephant was in such an extremely uncomfortable position when the photograph was taken was, that he had cussed the male Normalites at a ball game and had insisted on making eyes at a female member of the great State institution, even after she had become real angry and told him that "Paw don't allow me to keep no company." However, before Doc got to the serious part of his lecture he was stopped by the Duke, who came into the room amid sweet strains of "We won't go home until morning," rendered by himself on his bag pipe. As soon as he saw what was up he made a friend for life by saying, "Hoot, mon, let the lad gae. He dinna mean trouble," and the painful incident was closed for the time being. The Duke is all right, even if he does keep us a minute or two over time, and in this manner causes Jo Jo to mark us with a half absence, for it is a pleasure indeed to see him "give his brushes some lead" and write equations on the board that would stagger even old man Rankine himself if he could only see them. One of his chief hobbies is athletics. We have positive proof from an alumnus, whose hair is now turning gray, that in his Freshman year he saw the Duke at a ball game, which he pronounced as "bonnie good sport" even if it wasn't as good as "golluf."

From the office it might be well to follow the elephant up stairs to the Physical Lot. We find, that while he has only preceded us a few seconds, he is busily engaged in a heated discussion with Jo Jo as to whether "heat is hot or hot is heat." Jo finally got in his accustomed state, in which we caught his picture, "all balled up," and our stenographer managed to get a small part of his argument and then had to go and take a rest. The valuable bit runs as follows: "What is the reason for it? What is the philosophy of it? How do I account for it? Can I explain it? Well, I would rather not take the time for it just now, and let you work it out for yourself. You will find the subject very hard, in fact it's no use to study it unless you have an extraordinary mind, and there aren't any in your class that have that, at least I don't think there are."



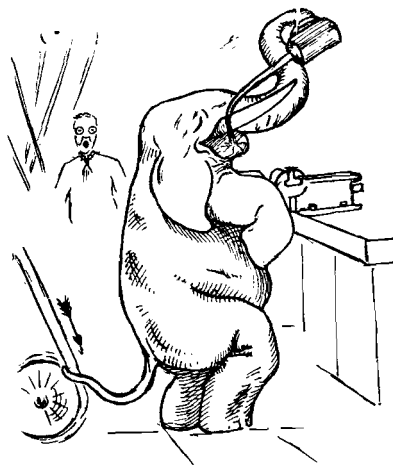
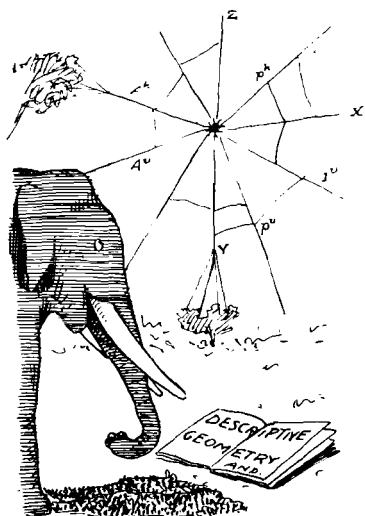
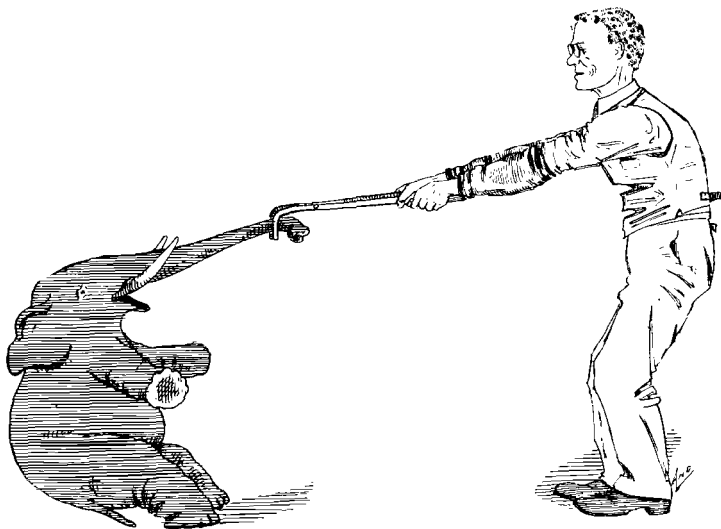
Just here the stenographer fainted, and while we were carrying him to the faucet in the water trough, we were disturbed by a noise that sounded like a wood-pecker tapping on a telegraph pole. One of the fellows in the Lot told us not to get excited for it was only Williams coming down the hall. He made his first appearance at Rose shortly after we made ours, and he hasn't been happy unless he has had some one on the jump ever since. A busy Junior once made an experiment not on the regular list, and copied notes about it that read something like this: "After careful research I find that our professor has a frequency of vibration of about 107 per second, and it is just and proper that such frequency should be established as a unit, and shall be known as a "Niel." Said motion is "harmonic" only when he is far enough away from you so as not to affect you by it." Niel some times gets confidential and lets you think he doesn't know much. That is only a little way he has of telling you that you know less. You say you don't believe it? Well, get your last year's report and look at the string of fancy marks he gave you. We will save you the embarrassment of reading them out loud.

After leaving Jo Jo's place we started down the hall and ran into a bunch of Freshmen just coming from a siege of Projective Geometry under Mac. There seemed to be much music in the air, and stopping to listen we find it isn't "How we love our Teacher" that they are singing, but some appropriate bit of foolishness that they have composed about Mac in which they call him several pet names. But even if Mac has all the Freshmen bluffed, he still opens up enough once in awhile to tell them how he used to sing out "seven-come-eleven" and "five dollars on the red," for Mac professes to have been quite a sport when he was one of the boys, and from his general appearance one might believe he still followed the county fairs selling green goods and drinking red lemonade, for his nose has a cerese hue that doesn't come from sunburn. Mac got so much business on his hands that he had to turn part of it over to a man from Worcester, whom we never had the pleasure of cutting. However, from all reports, the Freshmen are doing their share of it, and so upholding the honor of the school.

Wickie happened to be next on our visiting list, and we found him in his characteristic pose—sleeping—with his head on his hands and elbows resting on his desk. He had just turned out a bunch of Freshmen, and when we woke him up he said: "I wish you fellows wouldn't bother me, for I have had hardly any sleep this afternoon. This Freshman bunch is so quiet all of the time that I am afraid they mean mischief, and have to watch them. How's that, you want to make up a zero in French? Well, I guess you have studied it all right, and I won't ask you any questions about it, for you may know more about it than I do. Now, go out gently, for I am rather tired, and a little noise would dis—" Snore, snore, etc.

Just as we closed Wickie's door we ran into Artie Page, and we noticed how much like a sport he was looking with his new peg tops and his panama. Artie used to be a good boy and stayed at home nights, but we hear that he smokes cigarettes now, and even goes to see the girls once in a while, so it is out all over school now that he is a regular cut up.

After viewing Artie with awe, we went up stairs to see Prof. Howe, or rather to look at him from a



distance, for we were afraid to speak to him. Finally, however, we plucked up courage to approach him and tell him we were census takers, and since he doesn't know any of us even when he bumps into us on the street, this worked very nicely, and we had a short talk with him about how to build retaining walls along the banks of the Wabash so they would'nt split open. He became very much in earnest on this subject, and when he had gone to get some blue prints to illustrate a particularly uninteresting point, we wrote 23 on his black board and skidooed.

Down in the main hall we ran into Hath, who was very carefully reading a little book on "How to Play Tennis," but from our previous observations we knew it was as hard for him to get anything out of that as it is for us to find any good in his "Primer of Calculus." Hath was pretty good at tennis 'till he got to tracing hyperbolas with his racket, and now he some times misses entirely the equation of the curve along which the ball is approaching him and fans the air in a most undignified manner. Still, if Hath is a little absent-minded in some things, he never forgets athletics, and we owe to him more than to any one else the praise for Rose's good teams, because his words of encouragement have helped many a fellow to work harder.

While we were talking to Hath, Doc White came in for his mail. It is not generally known that the deep holes in the back steps are worn by the gentleman from the West with a facial expression like a lemon, on his regular trips for mail. When he doesn't get anything he usually takes his spite out on his classes by soaking them with a quiz, and it is at times like these that his face lights up with a smile that won't come off. However, the doctor seems to be doing some better since he has Hommie for a helper in his researches into the city water of Terre Haute. Many people do not know the reason for these daily analyses, but it is only to see that the water that goes into Terre Haute Beer is up to the mark. Hommie seems to like it around these parts, and we hope he will stay with us for awhile. From the cut he seems to be having trouble with the elephant, but his main trouble seems to be with some of the goats in the lot, for he is very regular in his methods and insists on them taking their baths at certain intervals, even if some of them do insist that water will dissolve their horns.

While going through the hall we decided to call on Jackie. We find him with a bunch of Juniors telling them how to design slide valves that everyone of them know won't slide, and on exams he, too, seems to know they know it, from the looks of the marks. However, Jackie always treats you square, and even if he always is there before ten minutes after the hour, he seems to get along pretty well with the fellows.

Down at the other end of the hall we find "Sister Bennett" enthroned among his books. "Sister" got with us in our Sophomore year, and seems to have it in mind to stay right on. Most of the fellows would consider him all right as a companion if it wasn't for the frequent skates he goes off on with Artie Page on which they drink tubs and tubs of Coca Cola, while every now and then they change off and have a pine apple Sundae.

Out in the hall again we find Sam answering a man's question as to whether this is Rose Poly or not, and something strikes us as familiar about him. On second look we see it is Waggie back on a visit again. This

time Waggie had been away to prove to a jury made up of twelve farmers that the reason a boiler blew up was that the fireman had fed it on water that had fallen during a fire works display, and not because the owner of the plant, who was paying him so much per, hadn't had the thing inspected for twenty years.

We followed Waggie out to the shops, where we met Clement, who seemed to be feeling his position very much, as usual. One of the Freshmen is said to have told Daddy Wires, one day when he was holding Sunday School in the lecture room, that Heaven was a place where everyone had a job like Clement's. Alvah showed his respect for the Class of 07, though when he issued orders to the much-bewhiskered Russian night watch to stay awake and not let the Juniors carry off the smoke stack. However, he also has a head for business, for he now has in mind the closing of the shops for a space of four or five years and then opening them as a museum, and for the small sum of ten cents show the people the kind of machines that were used during the Dark Ages and the French Revolution. It hardly seems necessary to close for the few years, however, for many of the "up-to-date machines" (catalog) are only saved from the scrap pile by being too rusty to bring enough to pay for carting them away.

From here we went with the elephant out on the campus to where one of his brothers was slowly pulling grass and feeding it to a score on his back that said Normal 0, Poly ∞ . Leaving the elephants chained together, we lit our lanterns and started to find our way to our rooms, through the dust and coal smoke.

MEMORIALS.

The class of 1896 was the first class of Rose to leave its mark in the form of a memorial. Previous to this time it was the custom of the students to disfigure fences and buildings about the campus with class numerals. The faculty, hoping to bring about a change in such proceedings, counceled with the students to erect a class memorial on the eve of Hallowe'en. The class of '96 secretly carried the Faculty's advice into effect by hauling a large boulder from the country and placing it on the campus. The following year the Junior class (class of '98) placed their memorial, and included in their program a "night-gown" parade, after which they had a flash-light picture taken of the class in their (k)nightly costumes. This program was followed by each of the succeeding Junior classes until 1902. The Junior class of that year substituted a banquet instead of the night gown parade, and added to the program, a bonfire, to take place after the banquet. The program, as they made it, has prevailed to the present time.

The following are the memorials and the class that left them:

Class of '96	Large Boulder.
Class of '97	Stones at the Curbing.
Class of '98	Memorial Floor Plate.
Class of '99	Medallion Plate.
Class of '00	Tablet.
Class of '01	Grill in Doorway.
Class of '02	Clock Dial.
Class of '03	Front Doors.
Class of '04	Vestibule Lamp.
Class of '05	Vestibule Gates.
Class of '06	Chandelier in Main Hall.
Class of '07	Campus Gates.



A GATEWAY TO OPPORTUNITY

GATES OF NAUGHTY SEVEN.

From the time the members of the class of '07 wandered out upon the Rose Campus and won laurels, up to the present time they have always maintained the reputation of doing things in the right way, and when it came to the erection of a class memorial they did not deviate from the rule. When the class met to make a selection everyone expressed a desire to see a memorial placed that would do honor to the class and "be useful as well as ornamental." Among the things suggested were:—An elevator for the main building, cushioned stools for the machine shop, and a green carpet for the Doc's office, but the thing that seemed to suit all was gates for the front entrance to the campus. The erection of the gates as a memorial having been decided upon, an order was placed and everything, except a few minor details, was gotten in readiness for the hanging of the same before the eve of Hallowe'en came round. Because of the previously required preparation the erecting of the gates did not come as a surprise. Early in the evening of the 31st of October a number of the members of the class met at the workshop and with the assistance of Mr. Wires soon had the gates ready for swinging. At twelve-thirty o'clock they were placed. The members of the class gave nine rousing rahs for the gates, The Faculty, "Daddy" and the gate committee, and the class of '07. Then was heard these words spoken by the president of the class:

"What shall we christen them—Gates of Naughty Seven?"

"Ay! Ay!" came the response.

"So let it be," and the smashing of glass and the spatter of White Seal was mingled with the shouts of some of the class who were too eager to be the first to pass through when they should swing open.

As soon as this part of the program was finished the members of the class marched to the gymnasium where a sumptuous banquet was spread for the Hallowe'en laborers, Mr. Wires acting as a guest in this part of the program. Every one seemed to be at home and seated himself at the table without any invitation or ceremony.

After cigars had been passed and joy still reigned supreme, "Capt." Harry H. Orr, toastmaster for the evening, rose and called the vast assemblage to order and delivered an introductory address very suitable for the occasion. The following toasts were then called for in their order:

THE MEMORIAL—"A Gateway to Opportunity," F. Harry Cash
WE, THE CLASS—"History As She Has Been Made," Harold S. Austin
ROSE THORNS—"For They Are As Thorns in Our Sides," D. Kranichfeld
ROSE CO-EDS—"Life Would Be Dull Without Them," George E. Heniken
CHARACTERISTICS—"Our Traits Make Us Individuals," Paul E. Turk

After these toasts had been responded to, several members of the class were called upon for short talks. Then amid a burst of 'rahs and cheers Mr. Wires arose in response to a call for a talk.

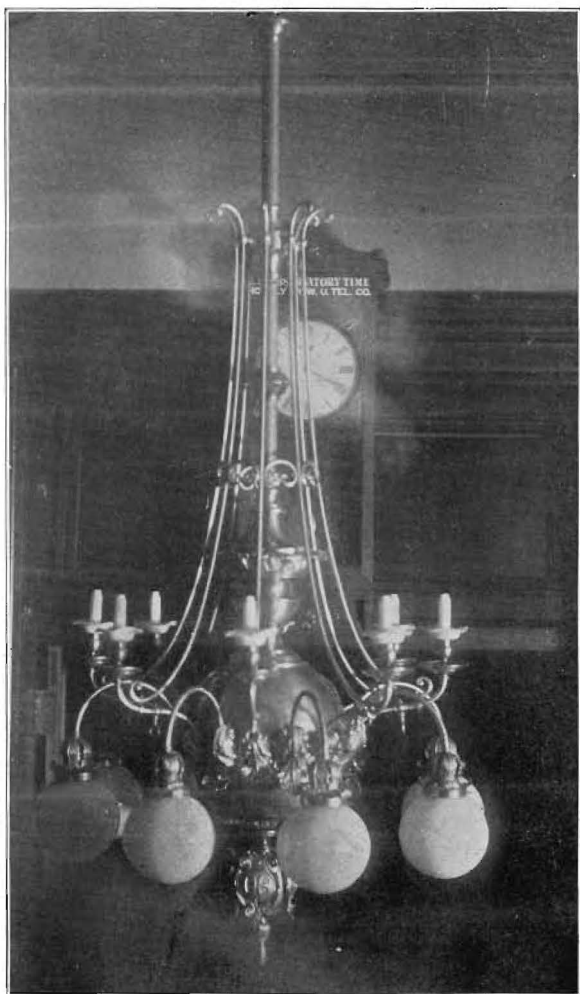
The next number on the program was the bonfire and the class immediately adjourned to the campus. In a short time the necessary material was secured and the fire started. An Indian fire-dance was participated in while the fire burned out.

It had been decided a week beforehand that we would cut all day on November first, and the lateness of the hour did not worry us in the least. It was getting up time for a large portion of Terre Haute's working people when adjournment was taken.

The cut of the gates used herewith is from a photo taken for the November Technic the next morning. It does not show the wing fences which have since been added making the connection with the old fence much more sightly. The gates were taken down for revarnishing shortly after Hallowe'en, and will be in place before commencement.



"WATCH OUT!"



THE CHANDELIER

THAT MARSHALL TRIP

Friday night April 14, 1905, occurred one of the greatest coups ever perpetrated by any class in the history of the Institute. Of course such a statement as the above may be open to criticism; but we really believe that there's good ground for it to stand upon. The most of the scraps and conflicts giving rise to class rivalry as exhibited in struggles to come out ahead have been the outcome of attempts of classes to hold banquets, and the accompanying attempts of adjacent classes to balk the proceedings. So it was in the case under discussion.

When it was rumored on the Friday afternoon mentioned above that the Freshmen were to have their spread on that evening, naturally enough prohibitory steps were instituted. Their plans were about as follows; the Effingham Local on the Vandalia was to carry an extra coach to Marshall for their benefit, and once there, they hoped to be out of danger of molestation. The train was due to leave at 6:50. However it was not until between six o'clock and half past that any very definite action was formulated. We had gathered at the train sheds and were determined to kidnap as many of the Freshmen as possible when they should make their appearance. When it became known that they were not to board their car in the sheds, but at Third Street, the idea was suggested of impersonating the other fellows, although under ordinary circumstances no such thing would be considered.

Accordingly, Billy Penn was induced to believe that plans had been changed and that the train should not stop at Third Street for fear of a scrap. The plan succeeded beyond the hopes of the Sophomores, and we went past the waiting Freshmen at a rate which cracked the speed limit ordinance wide open. Penn was much pleased at the success of the plot to beat the Sophs(?) and remarked, "We fooled 'em that time didn't we?" Well we did for fair.

As soon as the Freshmen found that they had been checkmated their rage was furious. Some stamped and swore dreadfully; but Pres. Budge woke up to the fact that the rival class were fast approaching the spread intended for his own class. He succeeded in getting Alec over the phone, and when Penn and his crowd of Sophs ascended the stairs they were met with, "My Heavens, Bill! you've brought the wrong crowd!" The ticket agent's face was a study, but he took it well. The door was slammed shut before a Sophomore's foot could be interposed or the journey to the little village in Suckerdome would likely have been grubless for '08.

The belated class here in Terre Haute made frantic efforts to get a special to take them over, but the officials would do nothing with them. "The Freshmen changed their plans and went on the regular train.

You Sophs can't get to them this time!" said they with sage smiles. Finally when Penn wired over, "Get those fellows here at any cost," an engine was made ready and '08 began to go wild.

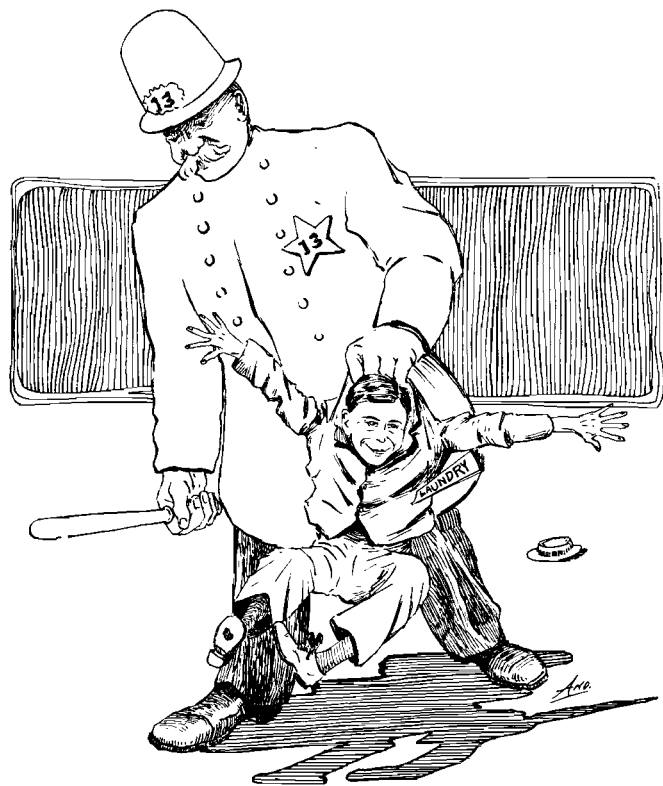
Some of them went wilder than that when they got off at the junction and found that the Sophs were ready to contest their way to the hall. Fourteen were captured and held until the midnight train came along when they were allowed to join their more fortunate comrades who had sprinted better.

The good people of Marshall were given a rare treat that night. They got to see some real college scrap-ping. They also received a bad scare, as it seems that when they heard that they were about to be invaded, special officers were sworn in and armed with any sort of a weapon that would prevent bloodshed;—chairbacks and revolvers among the most prominent.

Other stunts pale into insignificance when compared with this one. A pleasant feature of the night was the friendly feeling that prevailed, altho in such a mixup there must be a few to get sore.



AFTER THE RUSH



NAME	NOM DE PLUME	CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS	APPEARANCE	USUAL OCCUPATION	FAVORITE NOURISHMENT
Richard W. Benbridge.	Dick, Buttercup	Childishness	Guilty	Raising Cain	Angel Food.
Earle S. Butler	Spoony, Buff, Chiney	Modesty	Neat	Buggy Riding	Lady Fingers.
Charles A. Cadden	Mike, Bromus, Gilhooly	Pugnacity	Wild Irishman	Stogies	Castor Oil.
Harry R. Canfield	Bernarr, The Philistine, Can	Hobbies	Lady-Like	"Little Journeys"	Force.
John W. Cannon	Jawn, Bullet-head, Nigger	Noisiness	Uncertain	Doing Society	Kisses.
John R. Curry	Poss, Johnny	Laziness	Pugilistic	Nothing	Wild Oats
Ambrosio d'Amorim	Dee, A-d-x, Brazil	Politeness	Distinguished	The Higher Art	Cocoa-Nuts.
Frank A. Delle, Jr.	Mr. President, Del, Prof.	Deliberation	Frolicsome	Mindin' his own Business	Hair Tonic.
Harry W. Eastwood	Froggy	Determination	Commanding	Doing the Lyric	Currents.
Robert B. Evans	Fightin' Bob, Crummer	Bashfulness	Premature	Plugging	Finger Nails.
Arnold E. Freudenreich	Friday, Pretzel, Dutchman	Abstinence	Kinky-Headed	Swearing Off	Wienies.
Frederick N. Hatch	Snooch, Sneff N. Itch	Importance	Hungry	Spreading Knowledge	Tin Cans.
Walter O. Hensgen	Zip, Antiquated Philosopher	Learnedness	Wise	Original Scientific Research	Malted Milk.
James S. Jackson	Big Monk, Boar, Jocko, Jack	Strength	Intelligent	Growing Fried Pork	Oats and Hay.
John M. Johnson	Johnny, Cap	Quickness	Surprised	Matching Pennies	Starch or Bluing.
Ernest D. Kahlert	Buddy, Kalarety	Studiosness	Precocious	Tripping the light Fantastic	Rags.
George A. Kelsall	Speedy, Cold Slaw, G. A.	Absent-mindedness	Gentle	"Drop the Handkerchief"	Concentrated Hypo.
Clarence W. Lawton	"Eh?", Schnurrbart	Awkardness	Nondescript	Painting Things Red	Long Green.
Addison W. Lee	Addie, Molly Cottontail	Rashness	Bow-Legged	Interviewing Doc	Spikes.
Earle P. Lee	Rachel	Pessimism	Distressed	Finding New Diseases	Stumma Cake.
Harold McComb	Mac, Combie, Childe Harolde	Inventiveness	Infantile	Reading Catalogs	Hexagon Nuts.
Charles C. Modesitt	Chuck, Moadst	Independence	Cute	Procrastinating	Rooster Eggs.
George F. Nicholson	Nick, Siegfried, Frigsied	Nonchalance	Tired	Helping Curry	"Ask the Man."
Walter R. Peck	Bull Neck, Rough Neck	Blitheness	Enlarged	Cussing	High Ball.
Frank W. Pote	Potey, Pot	Drollness	Disgusted	Any Durnfoolishness	Laughing Gas.
Harvey E. Rogers	Grossbutt, Sparrow	Agreeableness	Motherly	Building Air Castles	Peruna.
John M. Rotz	Rats, Ruts	Good Nature	Clumsy	Donating Nicknames	Anything Tough.
Edward C. Ryan	Red, Easy	Fickleness	Doubtful	Hibernating	Drum Sticks.
Edgar J. Schauwecker	Dutch, Schauwy	Abstinence	Good-Looking	Flirting	Lobster.
Roy Thurman	Mooch, Hazel	Aggressiveness	Nigger-Footed	Killing the Referee	Explosives.
Knowles D. White	Hosey, Kadey	Garrulity	Pious	Kicking (about anything)	Corn-Cobs.
Hal E. Wilkins	Hallie, Pearl	Cheerfulness	Well-Fed	Working	Hash.
Leon J. Willien, Jr.	Doc, Fatty, Tubby	Enthusiasm	Contented	Mixing Drinks	Mellin's Food.
H. John Wilms	Glitter, Tin Ear, Johnny	Humility	Double Jointed	Ruminating	C. C. C.
Carl Wischmeyer	Wischy, Dolly Dimples	Sentimentality	Prepossessing	Antique Editorials	Technic Pi.
Henry W. Wischmeyer	Hen, Wischy's Brother	Quietness	Guileless	Punning	Pumpnickel
A. W. Worthington	Doc, Butter, Worthy	Argumentativeness	Extended	Ditto	Tooth-Picks.

'08.

PSEUDONYM	DESCRIPTION	PASTIME	BEVERAGE	MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	NOM DE PLUME
A. Stanley Adams.....	Disgusting	Lyric	Anything so its Booze	Mouth	Darling.
Carl B. Andrews.....	Commanding	Plugging	Liquified Knowledge..	Blow Pipe	Kanaka.
W. L. Beauchamp.....	Retiring	Laughing	Kerosene	Horse Fiddle	Beach.
A. E. Beck	Mamma's Boy	Playing the Races....	Whiskey Highballs ..	Purdue Bagpipe	Fatty.
John E. Bernhardt....	Attractive	Chewing	Cider	Cow Bell	Bernie.
D. R. Bogran.....	Bright and Fair	Pulling His Mustache.	Dilute H ₂ O.....	Guitar	Don.
Herbert H. Boyd.....	Rather Touchy	Keeping in Backgr'nd	Lime Water	Gas Pipe	Fuzzie.
H. J. Burnett.....	Comic	Pool	Blue Ribbon	Water Pipe	Bruno.
H. B. Cannon.....	Fatiguing	Shooting Craps	Old Kentucky	Music Box	Scrappy.
F. W. Corson.....	Serious	Looking Wise.....	Na (O H)	Hollow Corn Cob....	Kit.
G. W. Dodge.....	Sporty	Swearing	Tom and Jerry	Lyre	Frowsy.
C. L. Douthett.....	Breezy	Pipe Dreams	Castoria	Banjo	Maud.
Emil J. Fischer.....	Effeminate	Looking in Mirror...	Hot Chocolate	Fog Horn	Fish.
G. H. Freers.....	Pretty	Pressing Brick.....	Varnish	Jews Harp	Dutch.
J. J. Gibbons.....	Dopey	Sleeping	Any "Damn" Thing..	Mandolin Pick	Sleepy.
C. O. Hamilton.....	A Little Shady.....	Loafing	Benzine	Engine Whistle	Ham.
A. S. Hathaway.....	Athletic	Calculus	Postum Cereal	Phonograph	Sub. 2.
H. W. Heidenger.....	Disgusted	Knocking	Grape Juice	Bassoon	Danny.
J. D. Hull.....	Henpecked	Staying at Home....	Love	Rattle	Papa.
E. B. Hunley.....	Indolent	Laying Pipe.....	Lemon Sulphate	Pipe Organ	Cap.
R. H. Jackson.....	Innocent	Plowing	Gasoline	Daddy's Bell	Rube.
J. C. Johnson.....	Swell	Visiting in Country..	Port	Piano Player	Nish.
J. H. Johnston.....	Wise Looking	Breaking Girl's Heart	Sherry	Six Shooter	Johnnie
R. W. Johnston.....	Giraffey	Boning Over Books..	Anti Fat	Whiskey Jug	Slim
B. L. Kelso.....	Smiling	Running	Freckle Cure.....	Smiling Trumpet	Grinny.
W. C. Knopf.....	Girlish	Primping	Buttermilk	French Harp	Buttons.
Leo C. Kerrick.....	Map of Germany....	Resting	Green River	Dinner Bell	Colonel.
C. N. Lammers.....	Happy	Tipping His Hat....	Manhattan Cocktail .	Blow Pipe	Kootsie.
P. Lindeman	Solemn	Throwing Goals	Egg Nog	Whistle	Lindie.
B. M. Lindsley	Bluffer	Chemistry	Shoe Polish	Two Pieces Sandpaper	Windy.

'08—Continued.

PSEUDONYM	DESCRIPTION	PASTIME	BEVERAGE	MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	NOM DE PLUME
F. McKeen.....	Lady Killer	Making Money.....	Peruna	Love Strings	Chink.
G. T. McCormick.....	Insignificant Looking.	Cinch	Salt Water	Bass Fiddle	Buster.
Fred McVittie	Important	Gassing	Valve Oil	Machine Shop Whistle	McNuts.
S. E. Mitchell.....	Cute	Looking For a Girl...	Lemonade	Dish Pan	Kinkie.
F. P. Mooney.....	Pigeon-toed	Baseball	Soda Water	Umpire's Indicator ..	Irish Lieutenant
W. A. Nelson.....	Comic	Snipe Hunting	Champagne	A Night Lamp	Snipe
R. F. Nourse.....	Fatherly.	Talking to E. P. Lee.	Straight Whiskey ...	Cow Bell	Squaw.
H. D. Orth	Studious	Repairing Pipe Line..	Liquefied Air	Any Windy Thing....	Boy Wonder.
J. E. Phillips.....	Skinny	Calling on the Ladies.	Pine Apple Tonic....	Triangles	Heinie.
F. H. Reiss.....	Pugilist	Boxing	Any Intoxicant	Blow Pipe	Irish.
W. Roane	Learned	Keeping Out of Way.	Rain Water	Lard Can	Lucile.
J. F. Robbins.....	Fine	Taking Care of Dodge	N H 4 O H.....	Beer Bottle	Bobs.
H. E. Schmidt.....	Tough	Disappointing	Moonshine	Bicycle Pump	Pos.
R. J. Scovell.....	Odd	Researches	H N O ₃ H C.....	A Blade of Grass....	Chemical Freak.
C. H. Seldomridge...	Insinuating	Posing	Nerve Tonic	Wind Pipe	Pretty.
O. L. Stock.....	Dignified	Laying Out Stiffs....	Anything Medical ...	Graphophone	Barney.
C. M. Struck.....	Rough	Visiting Sandison ...	Gin Fizz.....	Bass Drum	Rough Head.
R. M. Stubbs.....	Weary Looking	Telling Pipe Dreams	Lemon Sour	Paint Brush	Misery.
F. F. Toner.....	Savage	Seven Up	Beer	Jug	Doc.
W. Toulson	Industrious	Bathing	Vinegar	Pipe Organ	"Woody."
W. L. Uhl.....	Important	Wind Jamming	Anything Donated ..	Bellows	Cheyenne.
S. Whitehead	Busy	Poker	Mellin's Food	Grind Organ	Rat.
W. Willison	Brave	Fighting	Malted Milk	Police Whistle	Runt.
O. S. Wood.....	Simple	Butting in	Goat's Milk.....	Ram's Horn.....	Goat.
A. Zambrano	Swell Looking	Bull Fighting	Miscal	Accordion	Gus.

NAME	CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS	HANDY HANDLE	ELECTIVE	BEVERAGE	MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Frank W. Armstrong.	Pugnosed	"Armie"	Pharmacy	H ₂ (xoz)K ₂	Test tube.
Henry J. Bangert.	Obliging	"Hen"	Gas Analysis	"Schlitz"	Saxophone.
Chas. E. Beveridge.	There with the goods.	"Senator"	Dutch reading	Beveridge	Synchronizer.
Edmund T. Buckley.	J. Cannon's prodigy.	"Buck"	Light reading	He swims	Jew's Harp.
Wm. H. Brannon, Jr.	Looks out for No. 1.	"Bink"	Boat building	Gasoline	Carburetor.
Edward M. Brennan.	Retiring	"Mike"	Reporting	Ink	Some other fell'w's ear
Walter E. Bock.	Punctual	"Walt"	Track	"Red Top"	Rheostat
Fred A. Burgess.	Sad	"Fred"	Bowling	Never touches it	Piano.
Chas. J. Comstock, Jr.	Literary	"Commie"	Mandolin club	"Green River"	Mandolin.
Ralph A. Crumley.	Lanky	"Rube"	Meeting trains	Apollinaris	Dilley.
Glenn M. Curry.	Inquiring	"Sue"	Erect. a perpendicular	Terre Haute Milk	His hair.
H. Wayne Curry.	Same as Frisz	"Wagonette "	Serenading	Liquid notes	Voice.
James M. Darst.	Steady	"Jim"	Throwing the hammer	Bubdowngue	16-lb. Hammer.
Clarence V. D. Dilley.	Texan	Snippy	Ladies	"Forty Rod"	Ladies' hearts.
F. Clark Dugan.	Balled up	F. Clarke	Football	"Daddy's" Glue	Tranthit.
J. McKim Duncan.	Scrappy	"Dunk"	Boxing	Bug juice	Switchboard.
Frederick J. Frisz.	Same as Curry	Plain "Frisz"	Croaking	Champagne Velvet	Tromophone.
Henry W. Fuller.	Learned	Hank	Cross country running	Mucilage	Bones.
Walter H. Garrigus.	Got a joke on you.	Garrie	Checkers	Malted Milk	Bagpipe.
Earl L. Grammer.	Cute	Ezra	Fishing	Worm Oil	Piccolo.
Sidney Goodwin	Dreamy	Sid	Love making	Scott's Emulsion	Fish Horn.
Harry B. Hammond.	Handsome	"Harry"	Shows	Face Cream	Push Horn.
Harry E. Harkness.	Always in debt	"Lady Harriet"	Making speeches	Roman Punch	Ladies' hearts.
Howard B. Hays.	I've got to study	Haze	Study	Buttermilk	Buzz Saw.
Martin E. W. Heim.	Good natured	Heimie	Toy making	Ipecac	"Geige."
Edgar W. Holden.	Irrepressible	"Chick"	Running the half	Hot water	Razor and Strap.
Harry H. Hummel.	Colossal	"The Kid"	Seeing the sights.	Milk	Cornet.
Harold Isenberg	Knowing	"Heidelberg"	Star performances	Louisville rain water.	Blackboard and Chalk
James N. Johnson.	Smiling	"Jimmie"	Traveling	Berlin "Bier"	Harmonica.
Jesse G. King.	Embarrassed	"J. G."	German	Canned Soup	Cash Register.
Ernest W. Klatte.	Peace loving	"Dutch Bill"	Rodding	Bike Oil	Hatchet.
Edward R. Lawrence.	Married	"Ed."	Sweeping	Mellin's Food	Dishpan.
Jacob L. Loucks.	Busy	"Dutch"	Photography	Hypo	Camera.

'09—Continued.

NAME	CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS	HANDY HANDLE	ELECTIVE	BEVERAGE	MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Michael J. McWilliams.	Aggressive	"Mac"	Poetry	Ale	Harps on many things
W. Rolland Maddex.	Silent	"Rollie"	Automobiles	Electric Juice	Rotary Converter.
G. E. Markley.	Distant	"G. E."	"Macamatics"	Bromo Seltzer	Caribou Call.
John E. Markley.	Secretive	"J. E."	Chem. Lab.	(K S C N)	Wash Bottle.
C. L. Montgomery.	Bossy	"Monty"	Instrument Man	Vincennes Brew	Whingwhanger.
Harry D. Mosby.	"Decent Sort"	Mose	Basket ball	Blueing	Mangle.
Voris R. Norton.	Ladylike	Unknown	Stone cutting	N. Y. Highball	Neckties.
Bernard O'Brien	Quiet	"Bob"	Midnight feeds	He's from Ky.	Accordion.
Charles Ortiz	"Sporty"	Carlos	"I go see my girl"	"Martini Cocktail"	Coffin Nails.
Hubert P. Piggott.	Leicht Fuszig	"Huldy"	Base ball	Milk Human Kindness	First Sack
Carl W. Piper.	Sedate	"Pipe"	Buggy riding	Three Fingers	His Hose.
Amos D. Pritchard.	Hearty	"Pritch"	Foot ball	Lime Juice	His Laugh.
Iva R. Ralston.	Civil	Ivan	Civil	Steel Tape	Transit.
Nathan Ransohoff	Unobtrusive	"Ransie"	Cooking	Cincinnati Beer	Violin.
Chas. J. Reilly	Alert	"Really"	His own way	Old Jed Clayton.	Brown Derby.
Wm. H. Rockwood.	Old	"Billy"	Stringing wires	Same as a Horse.	Lyre.
Hans A. Roesch	Bashful	Hans	Shop	"Steinol"	Sparkplug.
James A. Shepard.	Investigating	"Shep"	Bridge Inspecting	Soft Cider	Slot Machine.
Richard L. Smith.	Encyclopaediac	Dick	'oq	Strained Honey	Discus.
Clarence W. Sproull.	Stocky	"Admiral"	Walking	Navy Plug Juice.	His Whistle.
Ray Stephens	Intense	"Steve"	Lografting	Mountain Dew	Pevee.
Herbert C. Thomas.	Pretty Lad	"Tommie"	Hearts	Fantana	Cowbell.
Otto A. Tipton.	Comic	"Red Tip"	Mathematics	Circus Lemonade	Same as Sue's.
H. L. Treeman.	Half Asleep	"Choctaw"	The Burlesques	Last Chance	His Meerschm.
Geo. Wm. Trenary.	Worried	"Bill"	Driving Spikes	Train Oil	Hydraulic Jack.
J. Kline Tuthill.	Motherly	Ty.	Pole Climbing	Current Juice	Gramophone.
Roy F. Tyler.	Pushing	"Doc"	Smith	Pittsburg's Best	Pferde Geige.
George Voges	"All In"	"Mud"	Sleeping in Class.	Highballs	His French Briar.
Frank K. Wanner.	Musical	"Frank"	Rubbing	Witch Hazel	Banty Dog House.
Chas. A. White	Four Eyes	"Fuzzy"	Light Opera	Milk?	His Feet.
Robt. J. Wickersham.	Alert	"Little Wick"	Work	Anything Wet	Sledge.
F. C. Wiest	Artistic	"Muh"	The Drama	Hot Chocolate	Brush.
Rolla S. Wilson	Loving	"Rollo"	Letter Writing	Thiophophoryl	Funnel.
Fred C. Wilton.	Commanding	"Shortie"	Foundry	"Peruna"	Tambourine.
Guy V. Woody.	Fat	"Guyette"	Selling Shoes	Elite Polish	Duck Call.

SEPT 17. Arose early. Ate light breackast. Took a trip through Poly buildings. Met a pretty friendly fellow in machine shop who told me a number of interesting things concerning Poly life and what to do in cases of emergency. 1.30 P. M. In the main hall. Upper classmen were greeting each other with hearty handshakes, but the scared fellows designated as Freshmen were standing here and there in out-of-the-way places in breathless silence awaiting the arrival of Doc Mees. Doesn't one feel funny when he knows that all eyes are on him? The clock sounded two. Doc appeared. Followed him and the crowd to the third floor, where assembly room is located. Elevator was out of order so had to climb stairways. Meeting was called to order by Doc. After a few preliminary remarks he gave the following orders and rules:

Tend to your own business.

Get to work at once and don't squander your time and money.

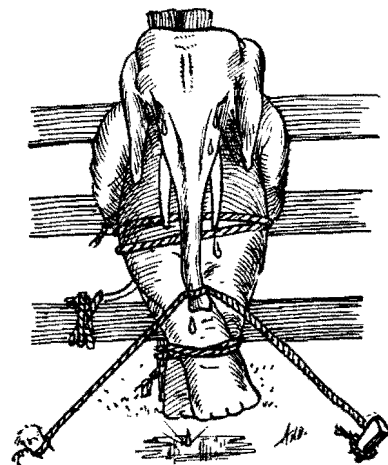
Don't believe everything that is told you. (Learned that yesterday.)

Pay your bills as you go. (Including tuition.)

Read the notices on the bulletin boards at least once a week. Profs. McCormick and Wickersham were then introduced in the order of their importance. Auch Artie. Hour plan made out. Shop three times a week at 7 A. M.

SEPT. 18. Reported at wood shop for first time. Greeted in a very cordial manner by that able professor and keeper of the same, Daddy. The latter is well versed in all the intrinsic and finer points of carpenter work and pattern making. In the handling and sharpening of tools he is said to have no equal. He has written a treatise on saw filing. His opening lecture was a bit hard to deliver owing to the new surroundings, but he was finally master of the situation, and when the hour was up he had told us all that he thought a fellow needs to know to be an expert in woodwork. His course alone is well worth the whole tuition fee. 4 P. M.—Class meeting under management of class of '05. Information concerning the pipe rush was revealed to us. Challenge rush, pipe rush and ball game arranged for. Fellow named Miner from Louisville elected president. Strecker, a big guy chosen to lead ball team next Saturday. Things are becoming more interesting. Sophs posted their challenge at night. We took it down and conducted an excursion to Fort Harrison.

SEPT. 19. Pipe rush in afternoon. Ball game was interesting, but when Pipes, Pipes sounded upon the air Sophs tumbled over one another to attack the poor, scared Freshmen. But they had underestimated the strength of '07 and were "set upon" in a style that pleased



the elephant and all present. When the rush was over it was found that the Freshmen had eleven hands on the big pipe and the Sophs had only five. Freshies may smoke.

SEPT. 20. Started right. Attended church. Wrote letters to a half dozen friends and "her" at home and told them what '07 had already done.

SEPT. 21. Donned football suit. Prospects are good for a winning team.

SEPT. 23. Decided that I would rent a room in Poly infested district on North Eighth, also began boarding at a Poly hash house known as the "Training Table," where the kinds and quantities of food were served according to the latest rules laid down in the Athletic Guide.

SEPT. 25. Y. M. C. A. students' reception. The first breaking-into-society function of the year for the special benefit of the Freshmen. The punch bowl seemed to be a curiosity to most of the Freshmen. Zompe and Tubby were the leaders in the squeeze at the bowl while Cotton and Hogan were close seconds in the rush. Met several fairly good looking girls and hope to meet them again.

SEPT. 26. Barnum & Bailey's show in town.

OCT. 1. Attended students' reception at Centenary church. Got in with some Normals.

OCT. 2. Students' reception at Baptist church. Normal co-eds were predominant and I engaged one's company to protect me in case the Sophs should be lurking in waiting for me. Luis proved to be quite popular with the ladies.

OCT. 3. Football. Washington 21, Rose 0.

OCT. 9. Met more Terre Haute and Normal girls and they are all to the good. I wonder why the Polys and Normals are such rivals.

OCT. 11. Wrote letter to home folks telling them how busy I am, also added the P. S.: Please send more cash; \$50 will do.

OCT. 12. Annual street fair opens. Much doing. Polys run the bluff and see all the shows free at night.

OCT. 16. Viewed the sights of the street fair until twelve P. M. Big crowd and lots of noise. Two Polys were arrested and taken to police headquarters but were afterwards released. Saw two Normalites mingling with the jostling crowd. Had their hands full of cracker-jack and big eyes for everything.

OCT. 17. Football; Rose 5, E. I. S. N. S. 0. Saw the finish of the street fair. Some of the Sophs were promenading the streets with girls and the Freshmen took the boys in tow and sent the fair ones on their way. A great stunt.

OCT. 22. "Mac" shows his authority and bats out a quizz in geometry. My grade 26. Average of class 40. Spirit somewhat depressed.

OCT. 24. Rose 10, Shortridge H. S. 12. Fate and the gods were certainly against us as the rooters yelled themselves hoarse.

OCT. 26. First frost of the season. Normalites begin to turn in early.

OCT. 31. '07 was busy to-night making its mark on fences, trees and buildings, although Doc had given strict orders opposing it. The '05 bunch put up their class memorial and held their banquet. Daddy's trash boxes fell a victim to their bonfire.

NOV. 6. Mac uses the "big mitt" again and gives a quizz in algebra. Things are getting serious. Got to get busy if I expect to get anywhere here.

NOV. 9. Bowled my first game. On the way home was invited to take trip to the country by several Sophs who acted as chaperons. Recognized in the bunch the "friendly fellow" I met in the machine shop.

NOV. 12. Decided to join the Camera Club, so purchased a camera.

NOV. 16. Quiz in German, grade 94. Some of the boys are talking of going home soon. Laux wants to see the Longhorns again.

NOV. 21. Seventy Polys accompany the football team to Charleston and cheer them on to victory. Rose 10, E. I. S. N. S. O. Some one swiped the Rooters Club pennant. Dance and reception at the Normal building at night for the Polys. Arrived in Terre Haute at three A. M.

NOV. 25. School closes for Thanksgiving recess. The Freshmen go home for their first vacation.

NOV. 29. Most of the Polys have returned.

NOV. 30. Mid-terms begin. "Mac" is first to bat with "Wicky" on deck.

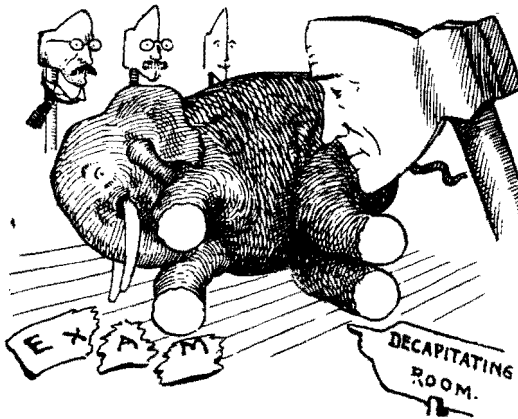
DEC. 2. The "mid-term grind" is over and some '07's are thinking more seriously of going home.

DEC. 4. A great deal of interest is shown in the returns of the mid-term exams. Grades range from 0 to more. Doc issues his first call for a few Freshmen to report at his office. Artie begins sending 'em down.

DEC. 5. Many Freshmen depart for home, having had a good time at Rose. Weather fine.

DEC. 15. Symphony Club concert. Poly co-eds were predominant.

DEC. 22. School closes for holidays. Did "shopping" and took first train for home.



JAN. 3. Called on "her" at night to tell her goodbye. Had fine time. Promised to write every week. I wish the second term was ended.

JAN. 4. Returned to Terre Haute feeling that the vacation was well spent and determined to "keep busy" the remainder of the school year.

JAN. 5. Resume school work. A few familiar faces are conspicuous by their absence, having been detained at home because of failing health.

JAN. 15. Basket ball season opens. Purdue 19, Rose 18. Geyer beat us.

JAN. 21. Big snow fell last night. Received an invitation from my Terre Haute fair one to go sleigh riding to-night but had to decline, as final exams are billed for next week.

JAN. 28. Final exams begin.

JAN. 30. Exams are over and many await the issue of Doc's "second call" to the office.

FEB. 3. School resumes. First term reports given out:

"Once more my hoodoo's thrown ; I scored
A flock of passes on my tally board."

FEB. 4. Class divided. Civils report to "Prof." Logan, who reigns in the realm known as the machine shop. The Mechanicals and Electricals continue to saw wood for Daddy.

FEB. 13. Advance shipment of valentines received. Sent "her" a valentine to remind her that I think of her occasionally.

FEB. 22. Washington's Birthday. Spent afternoon reading at City Library.

FEB. 29. Went to the country Saturday night to visit with a friend over Sunday. Rained entire time I was gone. Had a delightful time and lots to eat. I will have to change boarding houses.

MARCH 4. Am getting along fine in school. No quizzes for two weeks.

MARCH 19. Dual Meet. Normals 29, Rose 24. Normals went wild with joy and refused to be consoled. The first time that some of them had been away from home.

MARCH 20. A posse of bed bugs made a night attack, and by virtue of the limited means at hand for defense, I decided to move to new quarters. The landlady was grieved to see me depart so suddenly, but it was a necessary move in the right direction for the protection of life.

MARCH 24. Daddy Wires conducted Sec. B through the paper mill, glass factory and rolling mill. "No souvenirs are to be taken," said Daddy, and he had his way. (?).

APRIL 1. Spent forenoon in that portion of the shop known as the foundry. This little sub-division of the "Great Kingdom," is ruled over by Prof. Harry A. Dickinson, or rather Arry, as the boys call him.

APRIL 4. Excursion No. 2, to Standard Wheel Works.

APRIL 12. Mid-term Exam begin.

APRIL 19. First practice game of base ball. Cut Dutch recitation to see it. Wicky said if we wanted to cut class be sure to let him know and it would be all right. We followed instructions. Results were gratifying.

APRIL 23. Freshman class Meet. See B 68, Sec. A, 49.

APRIL 28. Sick. Had symptoms of Spring fever. Went up River in afternoon for change of climate. Ideal weather.

APRIL 30. Walloped the Normals at base ball—2 to 15.

MAY 2. Trip 3. Spent forenoon seeing West Terre Haute on a bicycle.

MAY 3. Modulus Concert.

MAY 4. Base ball. Rose 7, Ky. State 6.

MAY 14. Track meet. Rose 63, Normals 54.

MAY 17. Base ball. Indiana 9, Rose 2.

MAY 21. State track meet. Earlham 45, Rose 42, Wabash 21, Normals 9. Took "her" to see the meet.

FINAL EXAMS BEGIN.

JUNE 4. Modulus 1905 out.

JUNE 6. Exams over.



Sophomore Year.

SEPT. 13. Polys begin to fly back to their perches.

SEPT. 14. Another bunch of green freshmen arrive to Sam's utter disgust.

School opens. Meeting of '07. Class doings.

SEPT. 15. A dark cloud hovers over Poly. The barometer suddenly falls and signs are in evidence that a terrific storm is fast approaching. We meet the '08's in a North Seventh street barn and it is decided that nine sons of '07 shall be marooned on an island in the Wabash. We again lock horns in front of the Institute and some Freshmen get to see part of the city by gas-light. They came in in time for breakfast.

SEPT. 16. Had my first recitation with the new instructor in German today. For the last several days I have noticed a dapper little fellow in a light flannel suit prancing up and down the hall and into the library. Thought him to be some freshman and that I would get a crowd to take him for a walk in the country tonight, but now I see he is one of the flunk critics.

SEPT. 17. The longed for day has at last arrived. After the smoke had cleared away it was decided that the humiliated recruits of '08 were not to use the weed for the ensuing year.

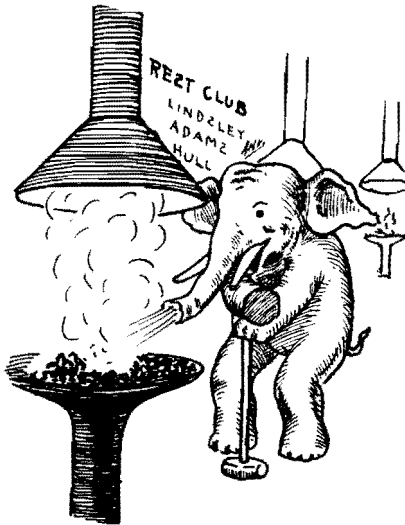
SEPT. 19. First day in shop, nine straight hours. Gee! ain't this great? The class is divided into three gangs: some go to the foundry, some to the blacksmith shop, and some are allowed the divine privilege of staying in the machine shop with Jerry. About 10 o'clock 'Arry comes into the foundry and sees the door decorated with the sign:

'ARRY'S PLACE

Big Beer and Free Lunch.

He scrubs it off and says with tears in his eyes, "Boys this his ha hawful hinsult to your hinstuctor, ha hinsult to the Hinstitute. Please boys don't do hit hany more. H'll let you put your names hup hon the wall but don't put mine hon the door. Say, haf hany of youse hever bin hin Homaha? Hits ha great town."

'Arry looks up and sees Byrn putting his initials on the wall. "Come down hout ha there! come down hout ha there. Hi don't want my place disgraced, hits bad henough has hit his."



OCT. 6 No Quaternions—Hath at St. Louis. We kicked at a foot-ball instead of our Quaternions and got more good therefrom.

OCT. 31. Many yellow 08's are in evidence, the color seems appropriate.

NOV. 1. Inspected the class Memorial of '06.

NOV. 21. Last day on that hilly farm at Neuma. Civils are happy—no more trees to chop.

NOV. 28. Those horrible mid terms are again at hand. Shall I take them or not? Oh I guess I might as well, I'll flunk any way.

DEC. 8. Exams over, getting grades. Christmas coming.

DEC. 20. Starting home for a week, hope Doc has a Happy Xmas.

JAN. 3. Back from home, will try to study for the next month.

JAN. 15. Doc White suggested that we all eat fish.

JAN. 20. Went to the shop to see Daddy work but said he wanted things quiet, so had to go some where else.

JAN. 25. Bunch of '07's worked Wickliffe on the nickel and funnel stunt in Chemical Lab.

FEB. 1. The fearful moment at last arrived, "Did you pass in chemistry?" "No, Did you?" "Nope." It's easy answered who did. After roll had been called it was found that twenty-four were among the missing. Say! John what was the matter with you? I know now. Remember the time we cut that exam? That's it.

FEB. 2. Many Polys are leaving for home, sickness in the family is the cause.

FEB. 14. That valentine.

FEB. 15. Jo-Jo appeared at the institute with an extra large two by four smile. When I asked him what it meant, he said, "It is in memory of the first anniversary of the visit of the stork."

FEB. 22. School dismissed in honor of an eminent civil engineer whose birth occurred February 22, 1732. Didn't tell any more lies than usual, today.

FEB. 30. Harry Dickinson's birthday, so he said.

MAR. 2. Our section convinced Hath that our attendance at "Babes in Toyland" matinee was far more profitable than mathematics so most all attended in a body.

APRIL 13. Heard something about a banquet.

APRIL 14. Stole train from '08's, went to Marshall and awaited the belated arrival of the banqueters. The much harrassed tribe of '08, while fleeing before the victorious band of '07, kicked up such a dust in Marshall's streets that

half of the village died of strangulation, and the other half were acting as deputy sheriffs or extra policemen to protect life and property.

MARCH 17. In honor of the day and in courtesy to Mac the elephant changes its gray coat to one of brilliant green.

MARCH 27. Rumors are afloat that Mr. Harry W. Dickinson is to be married to a wealthy north end widow in the latter part of June. The event is to occur at that time so that he will not be the victim of the embarrassing pranks of the students.

"Nothing hit," he says.

APRIL 19. The base ball team of A section bury Orr's men on the campus under an enormous score. Before the game there was a pile of Orr's money in sight, the odds being 5 to 3 in his favor but at the end of the second inning it had all "skiddooed." The credit of the game is to the doughty captain of his team, Donald McDaniel. Looking at this sweet faced boy one would not think that it was in him, but Lizz made five hits out of four times up, a triple play unassisted and pulled down several long flies. Blondy's team might have made a better showing had it not been for his stupid playing. Sec. A's mascot, Louie, was injured by a foul ball, causing some confusion.

APRIL 20. This is such a fine morning we cut out our beloved Jo-jo and played ball. Fifteen per cent off of our term mark, says our dear one. What do we care? More fun playing ball than with the instruments.

MAY 25. Another cut. This was the most unkindest cut of all. During the midst of our pleasure a short but impressive man appeared on the scene and told us our connection with the Institute was severed.

MAY 26. Court holds sway this morning and each sinner is assessed an iron clad promise and an hour of torture with Saint Wicky.

MAY. 27. Normal wins from Indiana 3 to 2, at night they celebrate with a pajama parade.

MAY. 28. Indiana 5, Rose 0. No parade.

Junior Year.

SEPT. 13. Back again. This time not as shy Freshmen, nor mischievous Sophomores, but as serious Juniors saw the new class go up to the breaking pen to make their debuts. They are a husky bunch. One big fellow looks as if he eats car springs for candy. I see the finish of the Sophs. Called the '09's together. They elect temporary officers, and captain for rushes. Plans are set on foot to do up '08 in great style. Rumor is extant that 'Arry has ceased his single life.



MADDEX

SEPT. 14. Went out to campus to-night and saw about seventy Freshmen devour about three-fifths as many Sophomores, most of them lively specimens. The dead ones turkeyed. Car ride toward Clinton closed the affair. That car looked like a Russian torpedo boat on wheels after Togo's little stunt. This Freshman class sure makes a hit with me. Congratulated Harry on his good sense in taking somebody on to help care for him in his decaying youth. Got severe set back.

SEPT. 16. Pipe rush to-day. Ball game not interesting. When the whistle blew for the fray, Biddy Wilson jumped on the pipe as soon as it lit and threw it toward his end of the line. No use. Freshies won. Fourth lickin' of the kind for '08. Guess they ought to be ready to quit now. New steel stack going up in place of the old brick. Wonder how '07 would look up there.

SEPT. 20. Wonder increases as to stack numerals.

SEPT. 23. Freshman reception. Get out my glad rags and get acquainted. '09 seems to bear acquaintance. Two or three take the punch bowl by storm. Orchestra shows up well. Attempt afterwards made to get numerals on new stack. Watchman not to be bluffed.

SEPT. 29. First Modulus dance. Sam makes more money than Byrn. Another trial was made at the stack. Along early at night seven Juniors gave the alarm that '08 were trying to paint their numerals on the face of the main building. For an hour they chased each other, while a few of the seven were in the stack with ladder hooks. No 90. About 3:30 attempts were abandoned and the rest of the morning before breakfast was put in trying to get the chimney dust out of our hair.



Ke/so'08

SEPT. 30. Seven sleepy heads in Jacky's machine design. Feel too tough to work. Rose wins from E. I. S. N. 27 to 0.

OCT. 1. Go down to Post Office for weekly letter. Remittance O. K. Violet scented stationery also arrives with my name on outside. See Harry down town. He's still busy denying having made any such step. "Not but what hi cud, hif hi wanted to," says he.

OCT. 7. Another try at the stack. Flunked.

OCT. 10. Louie Smith is much wonderment about having to dig up his Fourth of July sky rockets at this time of the year.

OCT. 14. Ditto 7. Watchman caught me in the chimney and shut the door down. Much suspense until he was decoyed away. Louie still more puzzled.

OCT. 21. Hurrah! '07 flies from the top of the new smoke tube in black and orange. One hook failed to catch and it hangs by one end. Still it's better than not being able to boast of having anything up there. Can't find anybody that knows anything about it though.

OCT. 31. Hallowe'en Banquet and blow out. Met with eight or ten of the fellows to help finish our Memorial. Had to put the hinges on and hang the gates. Pillars had been set. Daddy keeps us out, and later is our guest. He expresses surprise at the conduct of the class. He's agreeably surprised, says he. We're glad he likes us. We wind up with the usual bonfire, though informed that it was not usual by Doc. We know of instances, however, and override objections.

NOV. 1. If Jerry had seen Sam taking the shop wagon down the front steps he'd have tried to get that Son of Rest canned. Instead of righting it and running it down like white folks, he broke the dash and front end by hauling it away reciprocally. No school for today, Juniors have been taking a half day off. We go the whole period, except a couple of queer, odd cases.



NOV. 7. Election day in town. Byrn has the cigars passed in his ward.

NOV. 23. Am having a thunder of a time spelling "gauge" correctly.

NOV. 29. Off for home for a few days.

DEC. 4. Come back from luxury and a good time at home to face mid-terms.

DEC. 8. Have had a couple of days to recover from the first part of this strenuous week, but am feeling done for yet. Christmas holidays begin to loom up. Some of the Freshmen begin to wear more hopeful expressions.

DEC. 14. That old worn out joke was perpetrated upon Harry today. When he opened his door to go in at noon, he stepped under a monster pile of sand that had been placed overhead. He looked like he had been in an Arabian sand storm. Every step he took added to the trail he was leaving behind, both by the sand shaken down and the blue wake of the back of his head. 'Arry told me just the other day that he was always looking for that trick, and that he was not to be caught at it again.

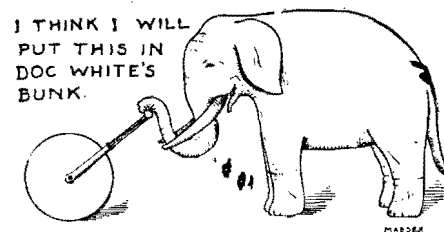
DEC. 18. Holiday spirit pervades the air. Chance to go home for a whole week in sight. Saw a Freshman whistle today. This weather is swell for winter.

DEC. 22. Again we are turned loose to celebrate. "Dublin" told me that he went down town with Tommy to help him buy a Christmas present for that Normal sugar lump of his. They went to the confectioners and told the clerk that he wanted a box of candy. The fatigued looking clerk displayed box after box of sweet meats ranging in price from five cents to five dollars. After thinking a long time, Tommy said that he would look around and probably be back tomorrow. Dublin told Tommy that he wanted to talk to the clerk and after the "customer" had gone she said a lot of rude things about him. After doing this same trick at several other places, Tommy at last found the sweet, pretty box that he wanted and gave it to Santa Claus to put it in the correct stocking which hung on the wall just back of the kitchen stove.

DEC. 27. Went over to the shops today to do some work. Harry is wearing a shiner. He has told at least three stories as to how he came by it. The last one, that he fell against his door knob from slipping on the icy walk. He was perfectly sober he says. He is known to have been down town though.

FEB. 16. Jojo again burst forth like a genuine volcano. This is what came forth: "What's the reason for it? What is the philosophy of it? How do you account for it? Can you explain it? Try and see."

FEB. 22. I feel like a bird out of a cage. No Duke, no Jojo, no Jackie but just thoughts of George for me today. St. Patrick's day ought to be likewise celebrated too, not only to give us a holiday but also out of respect to Tubby the Tight.



MARCH 3. We played basketball with our old friends tonight—Ye Normals. After the game a crowd of about fifty called on the Normal girls. Following a pleasant chat with the girls at the Mansion House, we proceeded to rouse up the town and let them know that we were ending the most successful basketball season that Rose ever had.

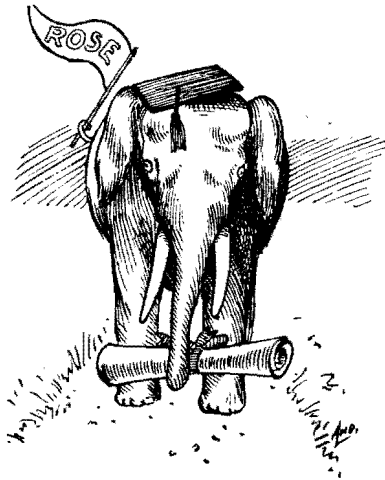
MARCH 29. I have been stung by bumble bees and hornets but being stung by one of Peddle's mid-terms beats all of them. His stinger went all the way through and half way back.

APRIL 2. Although a day late we thought it proper to fool Hath this afternoon. No Calculus for us especially when it is such a fine afternoon and when we can watch the first practice of the base ball team. After we had been out about fifteen minutes, Hath came to the back door and motioned for us to come in. He was told to go back to the woods with Lloyd Rufus and teach him the mystery of The Calculus. Lloydie says he hates to cut—it's butting out instead of butting in which is contrary to his principles.

APRIL 3. All through March we had rain almost every day and when it didn't rain it snowed. Little Jimmie, the boy wonder, as T. T. T. calls him, has been wearing knee trousers or rather trousers up to his knees and since it has stopped raining some one ought to tell him to unroll them at least to within six inches of his shoe tops. I suppose since Jimmie is so small, he can't get the idea into his head that he should wear long trousers even if he does look like a boy.

APRIL 6. Jimmie appears on campus in a track suit. He is trying for the rope jump and hoop roll.

APRIL 9. Prof. White appears at school with one of those beautifully decorated eyes, the prevailing colors being black and blue. I wonder—was it a rolling pin or did it happen chopping kindling?





ALBIN, EARL G., Osage City, Kansas.

He takes his seat with a supersatisfied air.

Albin is the old wheel hoss of the class. He is possessed of much dignity, and his calm, unruffled exterior betokens a mind running deep with old-manism. He has formed the magnificent habit of getting on the inside of things where the Profs are concerned, and as a result is custodian of the blue print room. The former helps him when it comes to school affairs and the latter financially. He heeds not the suggestion to cut, even to cutting Hath, turning a deaf ear to all such childish prattlings. We can recommend him to employers who wish a sure goer, and who require no bond given. He works either on the off or near side, and single or double. Guaranteed round and sound.

ANDRICK, WALLACE P., Terre Haute.

Things are not what they seem.

How appearances do defeat the ambitions of a studious nature! A hirsute covering may be much misleading, for underneath a light and almost radiant mass of foliage there may lurk dark, serious thoughts that tend to great achievement. So no doubt it is in the present case. W. P. seems imperiously driven to renown through inadvertently unremitting diligence in attending to the finer gradations that lead toward success as an engineer. He deprecatingly deplores an untoward bent upon the part of most of his classmates to Sophomorically divert the functions of instruments originally designed for making incisions, upon laboratory periods. His laurels are practically won as per plan just delineated. He maintains a membership in the Associate Glee Club, and is fond of the pipe. Watch his smoke!

AUSTIN, HAROLD S., Terre Haute.

His is a winning smile.

Harold Samuel is one of the jovial members of '07. He no doubt gets his good nature from a continual round of banter and joshing from his professor who also takes life easily. By the effort involved in taking the jokes of the said professor as really mirth provoking expressions, Sam has forced his visage to become adorned with a perpetual contortion looking like a rift through a darkening cloud, which lightens gloom and helps materially to dispel the blues and pessimism. 'Tis a banner trait to possess and Austin has it pat.

When you speak to Sam he grins;
When you see him sing he grins;
In the lab for Doc White testing,
When the cop was him arresting,
Earnest he, or only jesting,
Austin grins.

He worked for a grocery concern as bottle washer and delivery boy during one vacation and got along well enough after he learned to hitch up in some way other than phonetically; although he experienced considerable trouble in that if his steed took a notion, he straightway made for the barn despite the feeble protests of the man in charge. But Sam simply smiled on.

BAYLOR, HARRY D., Tremont, Illinois.

The best sticker on the team.

"Bill" Baylor was out of Poly one whole year and then came home to graduate. He is a chemist along with Milt and Dearie and Ottiwell, and takes baseball as an elective. He leads in batting and his staying qualities are of the finest. Nothing disconcerts him, not even the bases full, score a tie and none out. The second sack is Bay's regular position but he has been established at the first corner on the left this season, and has made good throughout. He is a perennial ball player,—no weather is too cold nor too hot, and the only bar to his getting some practice the year round is to have a training mate who will brave the elements with him. Naturally enough he keeps the ball rolling in his studies too. Rah for Bill.

BOGRAN, LUIS, St. Barbara, Honduras.

"Fellows, let's cut."

Senor Don Luis Bogran, Estados Unidos, looks a bit foreign among the other addresses seen on the letter board when Looie gets word from home. From it all we conclude that he is a sort of a big gun down there, and came to a larger country in order that his range would not be hampered by the limiting confines of his tiny home republic. In fact, we know that in spite of his unassuming exterior he is able to shoot over our heads. He came well recommended from a South American College, but found that the English language was a far more serious obstacle than much of the school-stuff that it revealed when properly manipulated. He has done well though and is a loyal member of the school and of '07. We would suggest that doubting Thomases express their dubiousness in his presence.

BOND, RUFUS L., Abingdon, Ill.

Whence cometh such another?

We cannot help wonder if there is a female seminary at Abingdon. The name sounds like it. If there be, we can easily discern why the bunch of masculinity which is the subject of this sketch broke away from home to get his education. The tendencies are still strong in him though, and he has a decided bent toward the cold Normal. If only he wouldn't do that! Lloydie has been considered by some to belong to the Long-horns Club; but he is gradually getting them worn down to such a shortness now that his eligibility to membership is being questioned. By next year we hope to see him quite natural, and with no indications of ever having held his certificate of membership a la Ottiwell Stalker. He may have the earmarks of the Poly stamped indelibly on him yet.

BYRN, DEXTER H., Terre Haute.

Davis's Dutch Frau.

Byrn no doubt is of Irish extraction but it took Wicky a long time to be convinced of it. That worthy pondered long and deep over the problem and finally gave it up. "He surely must be somewhat of German descent" was his final verdict. At any rate, Dex knows enough Duetsch to start a good sized argument in that mother tongue and to hold on for a spell. The cognomen "Dublin" applied by Bundy of the Gallery is quite appropriate. The map of the Emerald shore is there,—all but the color. The

wit is there, sharpness and all. And finally, Davis and Conley are there, all in all. The combination is a stiff one to buck against, and few have tried it as an avocation. Byrn has been sending off drawings and supervising the making of the cuts herein printed. The work has proven attractive to him, and he will no doubt remain in school to get out future Moduli and revise those that have been issued.

CASH, FREDERICK H. Jr., Hume, Ill.

Always Reddy.

The thirty-seven mile journey from the place that is nearly Hum was no doubt undertaken with fear and trepidation by the sunburned stubby lad whose name we all desire. How the heart must have thrilled beneath his derby as he thought of the ease with which he would conquer not only the faculty but the policemen; being of superior mould due to training in the Newman High School and Dixon College. Ah, it may be well that we do not know the hands against which we stock up! Not many would dream that the scared Freshman would develop into the debonair Junior that graces the Northern lunch counter late at night. Had the difficulties of scholastic work been recognized by him three years ago, the transition might have been balked at the outset. Our friend Bricktop is a whole souled class mate, though, and one whom it is good to know.

CONLEY, CARL H., Newport, Ind.

A Fellow Quiet and Demure.

Somehow or other Conley got led astray some three or four years ago and has only recently got his bearings. He floundered around over at DePauw until he noticed the error of his ways, and then came to a school where he could get a good civil course. 'Tis never too late to do good, which applies to changing educational directions. Not that DePauw isn't a good school,—not that at all,—but Rose is second to none, and when a student chooses the best we respect his judgement in picking Rose. Carl has done wisely in coming to us and no doubt the Juniors will do him much good. At any rate if they could vote in Vermilion County next election there would be about thirty to the good for "Conley for Surveyor." This leaves out Schuler and one or two others who will vote in 1908.

DAVIS, REN M., Newport, Ind.

An Example of not Rapid Transit.

Ren is another Newport product, but he started right to begin on. After dubbing along at the printers trade for a few years he came to Poly and entered one of the best classes extant. He probably had his choice of any of them, and the fact that he began to think of graduating in 1907 must be placed to his credit. From his piercing black eyes and raven locks one may easily imagine him directing divorce cases and otherwise criminally liableing himself. But no! that cool, deliberate, cautious manner better benefits the engineer. No excitement will unbalance the equal Abraham of his nicely adjusted mechanism, and no disturbance however great will unpoise the collected ideas that are only elicited at rare intervals and then under pumping stress. He is a member of the B-C-D trio, and helps materially to make it one of the quietest gangs in the land.

GOODMAN, MILTON, Terre Haute.

Such as he are they who incite to action.

Goodie is one of our red hot sports of the extra ultra actinic sort. He is a chemiker,—one of the best in the business, and has been engaged in trying to analyze the chances for Rose to have a championship foot ball team again in the fall. He has reached something definite for conclusion if we may judge by his bucking the team, whoever they are, against Wabash. He keeps many of the faculty in suspense almost all week and they are compelled to rest overtime on Sunday. However he has his lucid moments, and except for the rakish angle of his head gear, and the noise made by his vest he might be taken for something very ordinary. These lulls don't usually last long, however. A malevolent gleam glints glitteringly from his goo-goo guns, his step quickens, he seems overcharged with energy, a hissing noise is heard and bang!—He is off!

HALL, SCHULER P., Terre Haute.

He may have missed his calling.

Schuler Persimmons Hall was born some years ago, and has since lived in Terre Haute. He has attended school and to his business to such an extent that today he is an honored and rising member of a mighty fine organization in one of the large schools of his native city. He has been reared on ice cream, fudge, and chocolate drops and has a gummy look to his mouth. He flings his feet well out when he walks and talks in the same manner. He is interested in much real estate in Taylorville, and holds a mortgage on several of the inhabitants. He and Daddy Wires are great cronies and so is Routledge. He expects to graduate from Rose.

HENIKEN, GEORGE E., Grayville, Ill.

Ssh! A meeting in the Y.

For an example of the strenuous life Teddy may be referred to George Elden. He, it was who stirred the fossilized president of the Camera Club to do something, or at least let the other fellows do it; he dated lectures for the Scientific Society; he edited a department of the Technic; he kept up his school work; he stirred the Modulus pot in boiling; and he had to quit school. No wonder! It is when a fellow is good natured and willing, that he is loaded to the hub with duties which, when distributed, would more nearly go around, and which would make light work. When G. E. comes back next year let us hope for fairer sailing for him.

KELLY, WARREN W., Topeka, Kan.

To young to do aught evil.

Five feet one can't look very imposing even in a derby, fancy vest, and patent leathers. Nevertheless for a sporty guy the combination looks pretty good. It was a risky thing for his parents to do when they separated it from an enforced bread and milk diet and an eight o'clock bed-time to send it out from them where it can do as it durn pleases. Although older,—ay, much older than thirteen, Kelly does not look it. He has been mistaken for an usher when accompanying his lady to the Grand if we may believe report, and his voice has a peculiar girlish quality quite well adapted to serenading. Here is a favorite with him:

Open thy lattice, maiden fair;
I am a wooer debonair
We'll drift on the rippling, dancing stream,
And sing of love in the soft moon beam.

He sang this nearly through once, and would have finished but a bootjack cut the last line in two, and a harsh voice sent him skidooring by yelling, "Hike out o' there, Runt!"

KRANICHFELD, DELBERT, Terre Haute.

Sehr gross Deutsch.

Del is an elongated stringy mass of individuality answering variously to Bill, Krannie, Dutch, String, or Delk. His most artistic pose is in front of an anvil with a pair of tongs in one hand and a flatter in the other. His knees are oppositely polarized under those conditions, and he much resembles an inverted Y. There is a tendency to short circuit under these conditions, and but for the introduction of inductive resistance, he would have the striker do all the work directly; but the use of the alternating current renders him liable to labor in his phase. His power factor is 1-10; friction angle, anti-tangent 1-4.

MCDANIEL, DONALD, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

Broader than long.

Mac got off the stork express at Winchester, Ind., in August 1885, and was immediately pronounced a howling success. At an early age he exhibited a disposition to make whirligigs, noise and trouble, and seemed from the first to be cut out for the Poly. He began to lead boys of his own and other ages into and out of scrapes such as he could devise without danger of being detected, which served to sharpen his wits, and no doubt contributes to his success in eluding the vigorous discipline that is onerous to most of his classmates and fellow students. He manages the track team and has got several pretty nice trips out of the schedule that he has arranged. There is not much of a graft in the job though, and it is rumored that he'll not accept the place another year.

McKENNA, RAYMOND J. Omaha, Neb.

He knows naught but work.

Nebraska is fittingly represented by her son, and Poly will be represented by the same individual when he graduates. He is a little, short, large eyed, short legged, long nosed Irishman who specializes in electricity and over the telephone. Since Heniken has left him he leads a lonely existence, although in the daytime Little Shick plays sub for Mac's former wife, and seems to have partly filled the void left when Heniken did. Our friend donned a track suit early this spring, and to see him square away his shoulders and brace the atmosphere reminded one of young crows just learning to fly, and getting antagonistic about it. We cite the subject of our sketch as an example of the plugger,—he is an embodiment of what hammering will do for a fellow, when he hammers away unceasingly and with singleness of purpose.

MEYERS, MORRIS Louisville.

A sort of a snippish little guy.

Myers, sometimes called Monk, comes from the city to whose sons Doc extends the joyful mit. He is a "thivil," and knows considerable about such work as civils do, as well as some book learning. He seems to have confused the professions of student and pianist, excepting that so far as we know he does not play the instrument. Possibly it is the poet that he is aping. At any rate it is feared that an excavation will have to be made soon to prepare space for an Applied Mechanics corner. I will be a sacrifice, but one gladly made. Morris's chief amusements are the mandolin, Associate Glee Club and tutoring.

MINER, ERWIN J. Louisville.

Affable? Sometimes.

On a night some Freshmen were "taken out". They were put through their paces and one of them must needs cross the Vandalia Bridge. The dizzy height and darkness inspired terror and the journey was performed on all fours. Miner graduated from the Male High School in his home town with honors and kept on with them at Rose. He was the first president of '07; and served them well, by holding some meetings. He is sometimes called Minner, and comes at that call as well as at any other. He runs well and is a shark at stealing bases. The center garden is under his surveillance, and anything coming his way is liable to snagging. His specialty is the runback on a high fly.

NANTZ, FRANK A., Terre Haute.

What's the fare to St. Louis?

Nantzy, sometimes called Dearie, lives a few miles toward the rising sun on the interurban. He comes in every morning, and the condition of the schedule is determinable from his gait, although his haste is sometimes actuated by hopes that sometimes are dashed when he does not receive a missive from the letterboard addressed in a hand known to nearly all the class. When the looked-for is present, the morning is lost; for it leads to abstraction and to gazing out of the window; lending him unaware of soap slathers and rubber corks which inadvertently take his direction along parabolic ares. The day dream gives inspiration however, and as soon as his notes are published, we will know of some of his wonderful discoveries. Wonder if they are along Chemical lines.

NICHOLS, J. HERBERT, Terre Haute.

Stretched beyond the elastic limit.

From the time that Herb. could look out over the counter in his father's store, or could reach up and pull bananas off the stalk, he has had a determination to go to Poly. He finally started, but laid out a year in order to get in with a good class. He is a mechanical but took Jo-Jo's electricity in order to pipe line him through sound, light, and heat, and his idea seemed to work very well, but was a trifle hard on Nick. He is not of such robust built that his services are likely to be in demand on the foot ball team, but he looks cute in a base ball suit, and he has a penchant for hitting the basket that should put him on the team next year if he gets some speed into his feet.

O'LOUGHLIN, WALTER M., Terre Haute.

A much abused mortal.

Tubby is the one above all others to whom the down trodden laborer should turn for emancipation from his miserable condition. He is the living exponent of the closed shop; arguing that under the condition of the open shop, the working man must compete with the unprincipled man who wants to earn only enough for a spree or two, and then hikes out. This policy necessarily tends to beggary, and is apt to reduce the weekly jag to only a slight dizziness,—a conception of too great magnitude to grasp at once; while if the closed shop were universally maintained, the workman might possibly jag himself twice between Sundays and still have enough to buy his family a necessity or two. T. A. T. claims to be able to cope with the question, and with Maxim Gorky in prison and the James Brothers scattered, he announces himself a candidate for leadership. Anna Eva Fay has assured him of success as an engineer but he will renounce the calling to take up the banner for the closed shop.

ORR, HARRY H., Louisville.

"My min can "whoop" Lizz's min this year."

Ancestral stalk never bore a fairer branch than the one which has the initials H. H. O. on the dangling medallion. Blondie also dangles about above the clouds, 'mid dreams of ethereal weight and rosy as the evening sun that sets the traveler on his way. At one period in his life he attached himself to such a lowly implement of locomotion as a child's express wagon; but has since hitched his chariot to a star and hopes in the fulfillment of a glorious idea to graduate from Rose into a position where no complaining Freshmen will worry him with kicks about drawing instruments. Notably on two occasions has he shown marked ability as a leader: one as captain of the Sand Pit Lillies, and the other when the big Freshie flashed his ordnance in the streets of Marshall. On the latter occasion our friend was discernible as a milky way about five feet from the earth. He was found in the Northern drinking from a large porcelain mug with a cover.

PLEW, WILLIAM R., Palestine, Ill.

E'en though vanquished, he can argue still.

Bill was raised down in Egypt long after the palmy days of the Ptolemies. He dwelt long in Palestine before coming to Rose, and other parts of wholly land have known his footsteps. His present address is La Fayette Avenue, care of The Poly. At odd times he attends school, his main occupation being that of a barber, which trade he no doubt learned in the army. He is a Socialist and a staunch supporter of Home rule, keeps a rooming place and boarding house, reads a few magazines, and studies enough after shop hours to keep in sight of Wicky and such abstract themes as The Bradley Martin Ball. His favorite pursuits are Ekkynomix and Gold Rope.

POST, CLIFFORD W., Gordon, O.

He has his hand in many things.

A glance into the student affairs of Rose reveals the fact that Postie is one of the main squeezes in student politics. He holds an office here, an office there, here an office, there an office. here and there an office, in the Societies till it begins to look as though he is omnipresence itself. Dicky or Stick, he comes to either one, follows in the footsteps of an older brother at Poly, and he is forced to deplore having to buy books anew, necessitated by the fact that Doc sees fit to change them once in awhile. He sings falsetto in the Associate Glee Club, and used to hold the cornet during orchestra concerts. He has outgrown the latter stunt since Athie left school.

READ, EDWIN C., Terre Haute.

"Well now, do you think that's right?"

After living in Terre Haute long enough to graduate from high school, enter Poly, and to become thoroughly convinced of the wickedness of the place, Read moved out into Sugar Creek Township where all is sweet scented harmony and clear water ex-

cept Taylorville. He has attained notoriety by eccentric ideas upon certain doings of the class and was backed up in it until the last vacation when his helping hand was withdrawn. He has since taken up with new oddishness in the shape of Plew, who is always authority. When he is wrong he won't be convinced, and Read is saved much trouble and exercise of gray matter by letting his partner do the work.

ROUTLEDGE, THOMAS E., Newman, Ill.

Always collected—Never confused.

The euphonious smoothness of the of the consonants of Tom's name leads you to expect the same polished smoothness in his appearance. An observer is not disappointed. Over six feet of firm and manly nature gliding around on tiptoe is a sight well worth spending your time to see. He tried various Illinois schools before settling down at Rose, and we are lucky to get him here instead of seeing him in the Normal whither his pedagogical tendencies nearly led him. He has served in various industrial capacities, a school ma'am, a farmer, a street car conductor and a chicken raiser, the last of which is his favorite stunt. When he graduates we shall expect to hear that he is doing some things with respect to electricity applied to incubators and incident machinery. His voice and "presence" fit him for the stage, but he does not seem inclined to follow that bent.

SAGE, RUSSEL S., Terre Haute.

A wonder with the drawing stick.

The Modulus artist, also serving the Technic in the same capacity, has enough drawings in the volume for you to judge of his ability in his chosen line. He comes by it naturally, and has combined nature's endowment with some good consistent practice that combines attention to detail with skill in making the lines say the right thing. Zomp or Zompy, either will do, is one of Jo's best electrykans. We really think he'll be able to graduate as per schedule.

SCHARPENBERG, CHARLES C., Girard, Ill.

A practical sort of a Guy.

He began his earthly career under the name of Scharpenberg, but since entering the Poly, this extended appellation has been whetted down to merely Sharp. He is a descendant of a long line "der Deutschen" ancestors and a son of the Sucker State. Sharp's early ambition was to be a soldier, but he didn't look good to Uncle Sam, so he became a member of the Institute and took the Civil course. As a result of his three years' sprinting up and down the three flights of stairs that lead to the realm of Mac and M. A. H., Sharp has developed a physique which, should he ever again desire to enter the army would insure him of immediate success. Sharp lives in Normalville and eats where there is a bunch of Normalites, but he says he's afraid he'll have to change, because the farm talk he hears makes him homesick.

SCHOFIELD, ALONZO D. Jr., Macon, Ga.

A tender southern rose.

Scuff is another of our southern gentlemen who have come among us to "reflect credit on the Institute" and incidentally learn to be engineers. He is a Mechanical and has made his mark by pulling one of the four passing grades on the mid-term in Mechanics of Machinery. He is of an abbreviated type and answered "Heah!" for a yeah, but now the "r" sounds forth when Doc White sings out, "Schofield". Fino has lately begun the use of strong talk, and we next expect him to be pulling at a pipe or a plug. He will look like an infant prodigy in long pants if he does.

SHICKEL, J. BOYD, Sandford, Ind.

Am I my brother's keeper?

Little Shick is our editor's brother so we don't dare rub it in very hard, but you may imagine what we would say if we were not bluffed. Boyd is one of Jojo's star pupils for he has somehow acquired the faculty of guessing correctly when Jo says "Is it, or

isn't it?" He is also one of '07's wearers of the R, having won his initial in basket ball and is busily engaged in making another as Capt. Mooney's second baseman.

SHICKEL, HARRY M., Terre Haute.

Nothing doing here. We simply won't publish the awful slanders that were handed in about us, and we haven't time to write an autobiography. So take us for granted. Next!

STRECKER, ROBERT A., Terre Haute.

Husky? Well I guess!

No one would like to accuse Streck of being lazy, that is to his face, but if he only would do some hustling practice, he could help out in the track work with the weights. He takes hold of most things and makes 'em go, especially foot ball. He was captain part of last year, and will lead the braves next fall, with Goody financing the affair. Between the two we will surely be brought out ahead.

STALKER, JAMES R., Terre Haute.

Our "boy" Junior.

Jimmy is of Hurculean frame, (very lean), weighing almost ninety-seven pounds, and about through with growing. He has a laudable ambition to graduate with the majority of '07, and to wear torrid hose while whistling the latest coon songs. He makes a specialty of catalog collecting, and wants to be a practical engineer. To this end he began a credit in the blacksmith shop, doing very well until the caustic comments of some of his section wounded his tender sensibilities, causing him to withdraw from the shop to the foundry. He and Arry condoled with one another after which Jimmy betook himself to the main building after taking some extra reefs in his trousers.

TAYLOR, HOWARD C., Chapman, Kas.

What's the matter with Kansas?

Taylor hails from Kansas in which state he grew to a height of 4 ft. 10 inches; a breadth of 4 ft. 8 inches; attained a radius of curvature of 9 inches in his propellers; and attended Kansas University for two years. Then in the words of the poet he "pulled his freight for the Hoosier State" and became a Poly. Ice Hooks, as he is called on account of his parenthesis lower extremities, is one of Poly's foot ball "min" and holds down left half for Capt. Strecker. He is also a social favorite, and makes a hit wherever he goes as the recent trip of the track team to Louisville will witness. Just ask him if the roses are still blooming in Louisville—but you'd better be ready to run when you do.

TRUEBLOOD, CECIL N., Terre Haute.

An infinite much of foolishness.

Cece was born last century but is still a live one in the twentieth. When he entered Poly he found a choice of five courses staring at him, and his selection was made when he remembered the little tin engine that used to bump his heels at the end of a string. He is a staunch Debsite holding Eugene as the peer of any man alive. He has promised to support his idol next election if he should run for prosecuting attorney. Trueblood got some shop experience in his Freshman year when he held the strips in place while a Junior fastened them on an alleged gasoline launch. The thing actually floated, and many rides were enjoyed, until a cat in a gunny bag got mixed up in the propeller. That settled the navy.

TURK, PAUL E., Anaheim, Cal.

A mighty man is he.

Little Paul hails from the Golden Gate and is "specializing" in electricity, track athletics and society, not to mention several other things. He has the distinction of being '07's star story teller—no matter how big a one you tell he can always beat it. Have

you ever heard his big tree story? No? Well, you must ask him for it. It was gotten up to beat Taylor's Kansas corn stories, and the contest was a close one, but after a long and heated discussion the judge, declared Turk the victor. In track athletics—well, the situation was pretty well summed up by the Wabash track captain a few weeks ago, when he said, "We are going down to Terre Haute next week for a meet with Turk." To Turk is due most of the credit for our winning the I. C. A. L. meet in '05 and '06, for his seven first places always make a good foundation for the rest of the score.

WHITECOTTON, OTTO G., Terre Haute.

For crime unknown I go to a dungeon cell.

Ott, or Crummie, shares with Tubby the Tight the distinction of being the first of '07 to fall into the hands of the law. Ott and Tubby strenuously deny that they hurt any of the parading Normalites, for Tubby couldn't run fast enough to catch 'em and Ott was too tender hearted to hit 'em when he caught 'em. But the hard hearted "Limb of the Law" thought otherwise, so Ott got a free ride. At the trial it developed that Crummie's crime had been a very serious one—he had yelled "23" at a cop, and Tubby had said "skiddoo!" We blush with shame to think that any member of '07 should be guilty of a crime so heinous.

WICKLIFFE, PAUL R., Greenville, Ky.

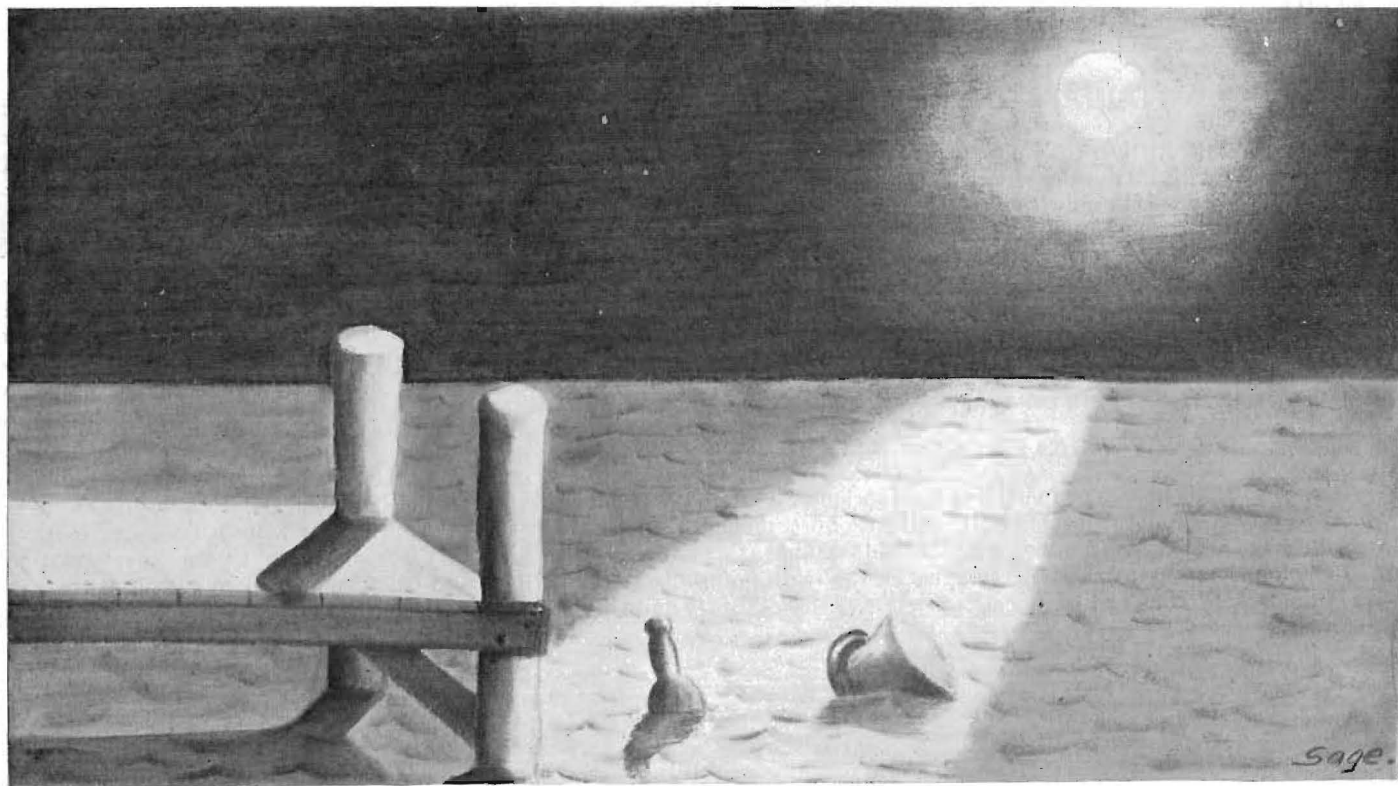
He was bred in Old Kentucky.

Wick is one of those eternally placid souls, whom nothing bothers so much as being hurried. He and Hath are kindred spirits, for The (emphasis on "The") Calculus is meat and drink to them. Wick is also one of Jo-Jo's favorites, and he and the genial but volcanic warden of the Physical Lab have furnished '07 not a little amusement by their dialogues. We have a suspicion that Wick is a pipe liner, for—well now, how do you suppose he got that B in woodshop in the Freshman year? There is only one explanation—he had a pipe with Daddy Wires.

WICKERSHAM, E. PAUL, Terre Haute.

Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man.

Rip, Hogan, Ripersham or Inertia, as he is variously dubbed, is the son of his father, and his chief ambition in life is more sleep. Recently he came to Machine Design all out of breath, and when asked what was the matter, he managed to gasp out "I ran about forty feet to keep from being late." This statement was received with polite (?) incredulity, but "the Ropp" said he saw Rip loping along, so it was at last accepted as the truth. Nothing worries Rip except being compelled to get on his feet to recite in the Duke's room, and he manages to get over this difficulty quite often by being asleep when he is called on.



THE END

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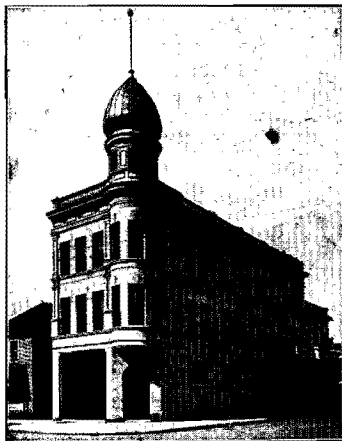
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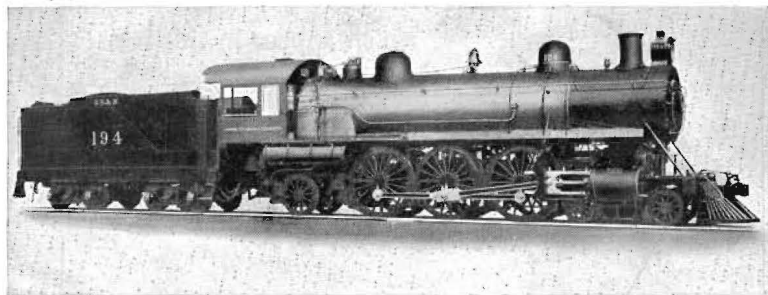
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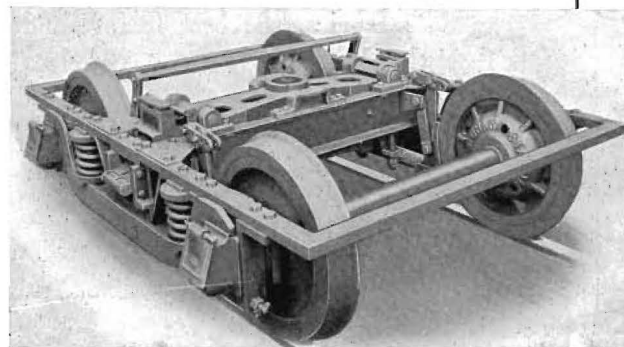
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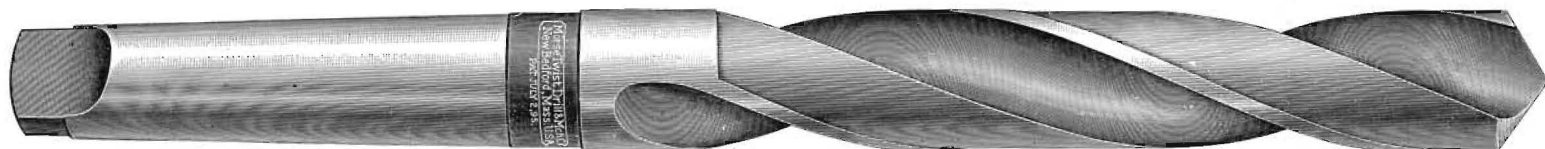
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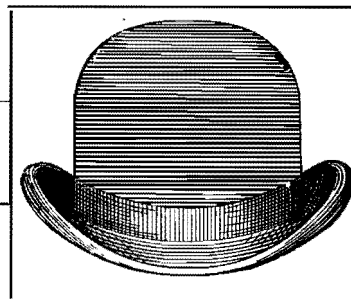
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